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VOL. II

No. I

LEHIGH REVIEW

A COLLEGE MAN'S RELIGION

R. MAX GOEPP, JR.

TRADITIONS A LA CARTE

A. E. BUCHANAN

JOY RIDING WITH ANATOLE

PROF. C. S. FOX

THE TRUTH ABOUT COLLEGE

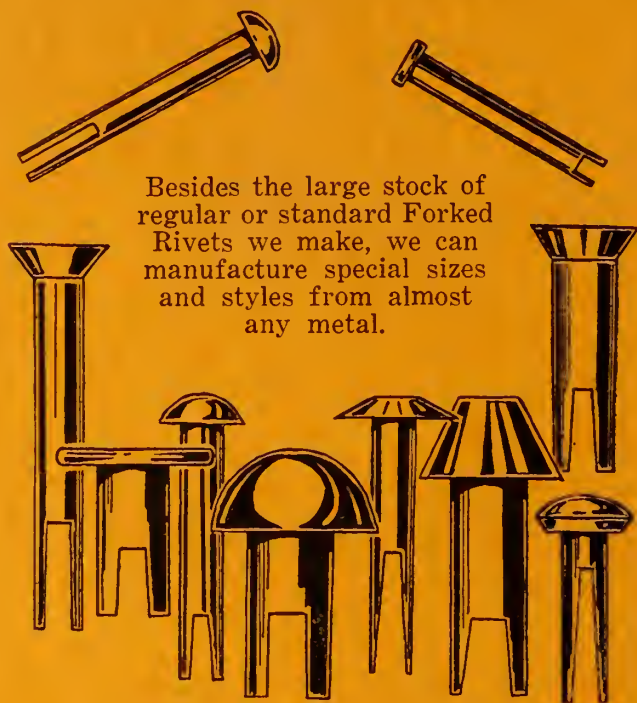
A. S. WEISNER, JR.

AN OFF DAY

THOS. L. GUNTHER

DEPARTMENTS --- SCIENCE --- TECHNOLOGY
LITERARY LAPSES --- THRU THE EDITOR'S EYES





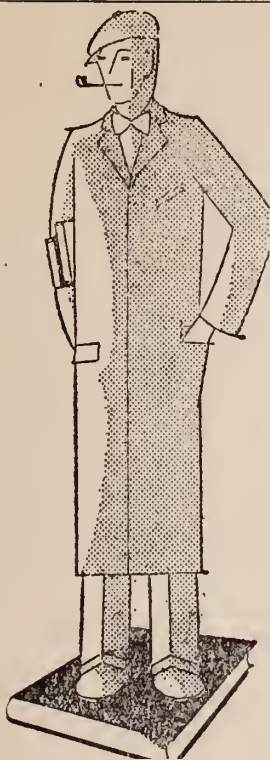
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THE LEHIGH REVIEW

VOL II

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"TOGETHER WE SHALL DO!"

BY ROBERT SERBER

Alex and Boh, the heroes,
By their propellers swore
That the record set by "Lucky"
Should grace the hooks no more.

By their propellers swore it,
And named a starting day,
From north and south and east and west
By day reporters gave no rest,
By night, at hanquets in tux dressed
While notables would fray.

The "Daily News" was issued,
And clear across the page
In letters sixteen inches high
That gasped the breath and stopped the eye
The reckless challenge raged.

From eastward and from westward
Wild plaudits rend the air,
The plane is christened "Frances B."
Mayor Walker comes from town to see
And praise the daring pair.

"Now fill the tank," commanded
Fair LEHIGH'S mighty son,
"Nor wind, nor storm, nor hurricane
Can daunt the dauntless aeroplane,
Can shake the steady hand that guides,
Above the Fates, above the Gods,
"The destiny of us twain."

Then Alex, lanky Brummel,
The careless King of Hearts,
Whose neckties, like the lambent flame,
Once lit Penn's campus (ere his fame),
Whose deeds now light her soher name,
Exalt the School of Arts,

Declaimed, with proper modesty
Becoming a great man:
"No Fate, nor Hate, nor cunning bait,
Can least abate, ameliorate,
Or moderate my plan.

"I seek a place within the sun
Where work's a thing that isn't done,
Where laurels pass for cash,
Where people will appreciate
My sterling worth, nor depreciate
My stories of myself;

"Where ladies fair, with golden hair,
Complacent are, and tender;
There at my ease no compromise
To Destiny I'll render.
Or else the sea
Shall swallow me,
The victim of Jove's thunder;
No monument,
Or earthy dank,
Or worm shall mark my failure."

Thus ended he,
And awestruck, we
Of lesser worth
Were fixt to earth
By terror and by wonder.

The great propellers lash the air,
Tornado-twirling spar!
"Our slavish hoast
Does roar in leash,
We've hitched him to our star.

"We'll win the game that all fail in,
We'll break the mighty hann!"
....A tiny spot on the placid sky
The heroes confidently fly,
Flash towards the sun's majestic eye,
Are lost to the sight of man.

The Lehigh Review



A COLLEGE MAN'S RELIGION

BY R. MAX GOEPP, JR.

"YES," said Earl Brandon lazily, watching the smoke from his pipe curl up toward the ceiling, "the frosh are getting out of hand. Those sophs are lying down on the job something fierce. They ought to put the fear of God into them."

"H'm, suppose some of 'em are atheists," said Ed Pollock, a desperately cynical sophomore.

"All the more reason why the fear of God should be put into them. A little religion around this man's college wouldn't do any harm at all."

"That, my dear young man, is a point to be debated. I personally believe that the less of that sort of thing there is

around college, the better for all concerned. However, as always, I'm open to conviction."

The other occupants of the dormitory room settled down in their chairs, confident of a good pitched battle between the house atheist and its most active church member. Two of them were freshmen, as yet too lacking in self-confidence to volunteer an argument, the third, Jack Ring, a junior, was perfectly willing to listen to any-

thing, so long as he was spared the effort of putting his more abstract thoughts into coherent speech. They all eyed the first speaker. Brandon filled and relit his pipe, cleared his throat, and joined battle.

"Well, in the first place, do you admit that everyone should have some kind of religion, some belief in a God who rules the universe and watches the affairs of men?"

"Nope, all I'll allow is some code of ethics to live by, that's all that is necessary."

"But that isn't enough. Men have always felt the need of a supreme Being, to whom to look for guidance."

"Yes, and why is that? I personally

believe that the reason most men think they believe in God is because they're scared to be in a world without one, they figure that there must be a God, because it would be too awful to think there wasn't any kind of old bird up yonder who cared whether they did their jobs, saw that the wicked got punished and the good their reward. What other reason is there? Personally, I'm an atheist, thank God."

Everyone grinned but Brandon.

FIFTY YEARS AGO RELIGION WAS NOT A MATTER FOR PUBLIC DEBATE, BUT FOR PREACHING. TODAY IT IS PREACHED LESS AND DISCUSSED FAR MORE, IN BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND, MORE SIGNIFICANTLY, IN THE COLLEGES. IN THE ARGUMENT AS DEPICTED HERE, PROTESTANT, CATHOLIC, ATHEIST AND MATERIALIST HAVE IT OUT WITH EACH OTHER---AND THOUGH ALL ARE OPEN TO CONVICTION, NONE ARE CONVINCED.

"There is every reason to believe in it. There is the Word of God, revealed in the Bible, through Christ. There is the whole of the universe, all the handiwork of the Lord. Why, you and I are living proofs that God exists, since we are His children. And besides, are you fool enough to say that the whole Christian religion, which has comforted millions of people for two thousand years, is founded on untruth. Why, there must be something in an idea that has lasted that long."

"You haven't proved anything. In the first place, just because millions of people believe a thing for several centuries doesn't say that it's true. That was the case with the rotation of the earth, and the rising and setting of the sun, until some astronomer proved that the earth revolved and the sun stood still. And besides, if your idea was true, then the Chinese religion would be the true one, since many more people have believed that for five thousand years."

Earl Brandon retreated skilfully. "That's no argument either. The heathen did not have the word of God revealed to them, it was revealed only to the Gentiles, and God certainly would have revealed himself to the heathen if he intended that they should be brought to Christianity. No, God is working His purpose out in ways which He knows are best. How can you, a twenty-year old, half-baked mortal, presume to judge of His actions? Why, your rashness would be terrible, if it weren't so funny. Thousands of men with more learning than you'll ever have have thought deeply about Christianity, and have found it the only living faith. Remember, the fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God'."

"The fool is also known by the number of his words," put in Jack Ring, suddenly, who was not above giving comfort to the enemy if he could exhibit his wit in the process. Brandon, however, ignored him.

"Can't make me mad," replied Pollock. "But personally I'd stack Robert Ingersoll or Tom Paine against any of your Church Fathers. However, we aren't getting anywhere with the original argument."

There was a temporary lull, while Ed Pollock secured a cigarette. Juan Murios, a serious minded, brilliant South American, entered the room. "What the Hell, a bull-session? What were you talking about?"

Brandon hesitated. The frosh, realizing that the newcomer was a Catholic, became slightly embarrassed. Pollock, however, who cared nothing for the feelings of anyone, plowed straight ahead.

"We were arguing about religion," he said, "and whether or not there is a God. Brandon's been trying to tell me I'm a half-wit because I don't go to church, believe in the Bible, or say my prayers. What do you think about it?"

"That is your own private affair, my friend," said the South American gravely. "You may be a half-wit, but the existence of God has nothing to do with it. What you do not believe does not trouble me."

"Why, what kind of a Catholic are you? I thought all Catholics considered all other sects of Christians as headed straight for Purgatory, and the heathens as headed straight for Hell. Am I right?"

"That is not correct, my friend. We believe that the church, and by that we mean the Catholic church, is the

guardian of the soul of man, that the church is the earthly agent of God's power, that God has made known his wishes on human affairs through the Bible and his prophets, and that the Pope shall decide on all questions of interpretations. Therefore, all Protestants who believe that every man can judge for himself on questions of Biblical interpretation, cannot attain salvation until they have atoned for their sin in purgatory."

"Well, if that's the case," said Earl, glad to be free of Ed for a moment, "how do you explain the three Popes that they had for a while? Were all of them the direct descendants of St. Peter? If they disagreed, which one was right?"

"The Popes are chosen by men, and men may not always heed the promptings of God when selecting the Pope. But, in diversity of authority, you Protestants are far worse than the Catholics, for although at one time we had three Popes, you now have about three hundred different sects. At least we agree among ourselves, but you never agree. If, as you say here in the United States, the majority is right, then the Catholics are of course the only true Christians."

"It's my personal opinion—"

"Say, Ed don't you ever have any opinions but personal ones?. You've used that word about fifteen times tonight." Ring had again come to life.

"You go to the devil. As I was saying before being so rudely interrupted by the gentleman on my right, it is my personal opinion that all the different kinds of Christians are in the same boat. I always got a big kick out of the fact that they have to keep a company of soldiers in the church at Jerusalem erected on the supposed spot

of crucifixion to keep the different sects of Christians from murdering each other over points of doctrine.

"Uh-huh, I guess you thanked God you weren't a Christian, didn't you."

"Shut up, Jack, you aren't in this. Why, as far as I can see, Christianity has caused more trouble in this world than any other single human institution. Look at the thousands of people murdered in the name of Christ, because they chose to believe his doctrines as he taught them, not as the Pope decided they should be interpreted. Every single idea which has proved to be good for mankind was opposed by the Church. They burned Joan of Arc, they made Galileo recant, after he had proved that he was right, they banned all books which encouraged men to think for themselves, and, what was the worst thing of all, claimed that life in the Middle Ages was ordained by God, that to attempt to alter it for the better was blasphemy, and that the troubles in the world would be made up for by the delights of Heaven. I think the world would have improved a whole lot faster if there had been no Catholic Christianity."

"There's something in that," said Brandon, "because it wasn't until the Protestant Reformation that modern civilization got started. That's when men first started to think for themselves, and not be told what to believe by a man in Italy. That religious freedom in Europe made it possible to get civil freedom later. Now, thanks to Protestantism and the will of God, the world has advanced to the stage it is now. If the early settlers had been Catholics, this country wouldn't have developed as it has."

"If I remember rightly," Pollock interposed irrelevantly, "there is a story

about one of the Popes giving birth to a child in the midst of a papal procession, wherefore, as the tale goes, she was not numbered among the pontiffs. I think I read that in a book by Baring-Gould. Have you ever heard of it?"

Murios flushed. "Is this a discussion, or are you trying to be insulting. The legend that you spoke of was Pope Joan, and it was only a legend. If you fellows wish to throw mud, I can do it too. It was your progressive Protestants or Puritans who burned innocent old women as witches as late as the seventeenth century. The Protestants of the South in our own times, tar and feather helpless black men for mere sport, and in the name of God, while in Herrin, Illinois, some descendants of the original Protestant settlers committed the most cold-blooded massacre that this country has ever had. You, with your hundreds of little sects, have lost true religion. You take one single part of the ritual of the Catholic church, like the baptism, the advent, the salvation by faith and make it the central point of your belief. You are all offshoots of Mother Church, and you all disown your parent."

"That all may be," countered Brandon, "but the Protestants never tortured a man for the sake of his own immortal soul and in the name of Christ."

"They would have if the law had allowed them to. They preached that unborn babes were slated to go to hell ever before they came into the world. And that isn't the worst thing, either. Whatever the Catholic religion was, it was beautiful, and the pictures of saints and the churches and cathedrals were beautiful. When the Reformation started, it was the Protestants that

broke into the churches, smashed beautiful images and tore up wonderful paintings. Then they built churches for themselves that were plain and bare, with nothing to appeal to a man's soul in them."

"Why not. Pictures and images are heathenish idols, they do the soul of man no good, but only appeal to his senses, and turn his mind and heart from the worship of God."

"Who told you he was a God of ugliness. You seem, as somebody said, to be strong for the beauty of holiness, but not for the holiness of beauty. And another thing,—all true and sincere Catholics are comfortable in their religion, it gives them peace,—but your Puritan Protestants were so damned narrow-minded that they brought their children up to fear the Lord as a terrible ogre of vengeance, not think of Him as God of love. Do you know that a six year old boy in New England, before the Revolution, committed suicide because his sense of sin made him feel so badly. Your idea of getting a man into Heaven is to make him miserable on earth."

"Well, don't bawl me out about it, I'm not even a Protestant," protested Pollock. "It's my personal opinion that the whole idea of Christianity, Catholic or Protestant is rotten. Why anyone would want to get into Heaven because some poor chap had died in agony for them is more than I can see. This body and blood stuff at the communion sounds like sheer cannibalism to me."

The silence which followed this was ominous, became almost unbearable, until in desperation one of the freshmen, broke it.

"Say, fellows, why do you have to argue and scrap about what you be-

lieve? And if you can believe one thing and be happy, why not do it and not bother about the other fellow? I don't go to church an awful lot, I'll admit, but I'm not an atheist like Ed. It isn't the kind of thing I care to argue about, anyway. If we all believe in Christ, then we are all Christians anyway, and our chances for future life ought to be about the same — — —"

Voices were heard outside the door, then someone broke into a ditty that was quite popular in the house at that time.

"I don't care if it rains or freezes,
I am Jesus' little lamb.

I am safe in the arms of Jesus

Yes, by Jesus Christ I am."

Everett, the frosh who had just spoken, evinced profound disgust, mumbled something about bed, and departed. Ring, with a sheepish grin, followed him. Again the talk died down until revived by the entrance of Judson Smith, a senior, whose views on various subjects could be counted on as being different from that of most of the house, in fact, he rather cultivated eccentricity of opinion.

"Women or sport?" he asked, dropping into the best chair in the room. "H'm, looks like religion and the immortal soul. Who's been taking a beating?"

"I've been showing the boys the error of their ways," said Pollock, the irrepressible.

"That's very kind of you, I must say. Have you been talking on your favorite subject of papal iniquity? I swear I don't figure you atheists. You're the stingiest chaps I ever met. You evidently aren't happy in your own lack of belief, and you want to drag every one else into the same mess of doubts. That Society for the Ad-

vancement of Atheism is one of the damndest organizations I ever heard of, not a single constructive idea anywhere, and nothing to substitute for a fairly satisfactory faith. And as for sneering at Catholicism, it was the Catholic church that kept alive enough learning through the Middle Ages to give you an education now, which you seem to be devoting to picking flaws in the institution that taught you."

"Who's showing the error of somebody's ways now, Jud?"

"Why I am, sure. Aren't you grateful for a little guidance? Here I take all the trouble to point out to you all the weak spots in your arguments, and this is all the thanks I get. It's enough to make one lose faith in humanity."

"Huh. Well, I'm going to bed. Hope you don't feel hurt? Good-night. You and Murios can settle this between you," and Pollock departed.

"I do not like that fellow very much," said Murios after a few seconds.

"No, I don't imagine you would. How about a cigarette?"

"Thanks. Also, my friend, have you ever been by chance, a Catholic? You seem to share my views on Pollock."

"No, old man, I'm not a Catholic, I'm just rather interested in religion as a whole and as a topic for discussion. But I respect the Catholic church in many ways, although I don't hold with any of its principles. I'm afraid I'm too much of an egotist to take the word of any other human authority on what I shall believe about things which no man can find out definitely for himself."

Murios yawned, and rose to go.

"Wait a minute, old man. Don't go for a while yet. Do you mind if I ask

you a question that's been puzzling me for a while? Don't answer it unless you feel like it."

"I guess so. Go ahead, although I won't promise."

"Well, I know you were brought up in a Catholic country. I've heard the saying attributed to the Catholic church, 'Give us the education of a child until it is seven, and it will always be a Catholic no matter what its future education may be.'"

The South American nodded.

"Now, you have been here at an American, non-sectarian college for four years, and you've been taking a scientific course. What bothers me is, how can you think deeply about the laws of life and the properties of nature, and still believe in miracles, the virgin birth, papal infallibility, confessional, and the rest? Doesn't your mind quarrel with your religious feelings?"

"Jud, what you said about the Catholic church and young children is true. I believe in the Catholic church and will fight for it. I have been a Catholic all my life, and I will die one, but just now—well,—I'll tell you how it is.

"When I was a child, in my own country, I believed everything about Catholic Christianity, everything, the way a child does. Then one day some fellow told me about birth and conception, and he asked me, 'Do you think Christ was born of a virgin?' I did not know, because I had believed very strongly, but he put the idea of doubt into my mind. Then as I grew up, and found out about men and women, and heard scandals about priests, I began to have more doubts, although I was still outwardly a good Catholic. Then I came to this country, and at college many of the professors told me

that I must judge everything for myself, to see whether it was true or not, and that I must not take any man's word for anything that could be proved otherwise. And I learned a lot about the world and the way it is put together, and about natural laws, so that it got harder and harder to believe in miracles. I was worried, because I wanted to be a good Catholic, but my mind made me doubt, and a good Catholic is not supposed to have any doubts."

"Do you think most Catholics have the same sort of experience?"

"No, they don't. They don't try to think about it, and their minds don't bother them. They don't expect everything to follow the laws of natural science, because they don't know what the laws of natural science are. And they are lucky."

"Well, but do you think, Juan, that your mind will ever conquer your Catholic upbringing?"

"Jud, I am going back to my country, after I graduate. I will live there all my life, and I will be pretty sure to marry a girl who will be a devout Catholic. Just now, while I am in college, my mind gets plenty of practice, and there are very few priests to tell me to come to confession. When I go home, I will go to the church every week with the family, and my children will go a Catholic school. When I am fifty I will have forgotten most of my doubts, and when I die, I will want a priest—but now I am having one Hell of a time—" He puffed for a while in silence. "I still go to confession, because it is a habit that is pleasant, and I don't see why I should give it up. There is your answer, Jud."

"I see your side now, old man, and I'm genuinely sorry for you. For my

own part, I've got my own system of beliefs pretty well worked out. The only thing I choose to believe is that some external, impersonal force created this universe quite a while ago, and set in motion certain forces and tendencies which have finally produced the human race and myself. I don't regard myself as being any more a special act of creation than any blade of grass or any pebble. I'm just a product of a long chain of causes and effects. If you don't believe any more than that, then you are never troubled by any conflicts between science and religion, and you don't have to try to twist the meaning of the Bible to fit present day facts."

"But if you don't believe in any personal God, or any life after death, why don't you tear out? What keeps you

from going to the dogs, as you say?"

"Why, that's just the result of my training, and a certain amount of self-respect. I wouldn't think an awful lot of any man who had to be scared into keeping himself decent. Anyway, that doesn't have anything to do with creeds and religions, that's just the problem of human conduct. However," he yawned, "let's call it a night."

The two rose, stretched themselves, and went down the hall. Voices were issuing from a room at the rear end of it. The sophomores were holding a council of war, and, as the two went past the door, they heard, within:

"The Frosh are getting out of hand something fierce. Something's got to be done. We ought to put the fear of God into them."



SONNET—ON AN OLD THEME

MARVIN SIDNEY '29

When winter days had made a life of cold
And barren solitude of death, when spring
Was but a half-forgotten dream of old
Embittered men, you came to me to bring
Again the misty peace of bronze and jade,
October twilights, and the clean delight
Of silver aspens, crowned with leaves array'd
Like shimm'ring moths on some past summer night.

You came between those sad and bitter days
And all my heart flung music to the sky—
You've gone, and I am left to tread the ways
I trod before. It hardly seems that I
Could put it thus, so casually, "You came,
You've gone," and "All the world goes on the same."

THROUGH THE EDITOR'S EYES

WITH the publication of two successful issues in the spring of the preceding school term, THE LEHIGH REVIEW considers itself as one of the approved and established Lehigh publications. To the new editorial board the prospect of sharing with the Brown and White the molding of student opinion, and with all Lehigh publications the edification of students and faculty, appears in the light of pleasurable task, and one to which we hope to devote our best energies. Since the paper will, as we hope, find its way outside the campus, it is imperative that the best which Lehigh has to offer should appear in this publication.

With a realization, then, of our responsibility in the matter, we make a full statement of the editorial policy of the present board. It is expected that college publications of this type should as a matter of course, take upon themselves the task of raising to her rightful position, Truth, and to do battle with all the powers of Suppression and Falsification, no matter how great the cost or how doubtful the issue. In particular, these valiant guardians of the student's enlightenment must chronicle in every detail the nefarious practices of faculties, of unhealthy conditions in the colleges which interfere with the student in his pursuit of happiness, and must view with alarm and disapproval all suggestions remotely involving discipline. It is also expected that

as a matter of *esprit de corps* the publications should not undertake to inform the student body of any unpleasant truths about itself. That is considered, indeed, in the light of high treason and the giving of comfort to the enemy. The motto is, in short, "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,—about everyone but ourselves."

Now, we do not feel obsessed with the desire to root in all corners of the campus for entertaining dirt about anyone, neither, in any intra-college dispute, do we, in our editorial capacities, feel called upon to take sides. We believe in presenting to Lehigh as a whole a fair idea of what the more active minds in the faculty and the student body are thinking about, and in fostering a spirit of open-minded discussion of the problems which continually arise in the affairs of an institution such as ours. In doing this, we are dedicating "THE REVIEW" to impartiality and freedom from bias in so far as it lies in our power.

What appears in the pages of the Review is intended primarily for the edification of all concerned. The paper is, in the main, a serious edification, and it discusses problems which its contributors consider worthy of attention, but we hold firmly to the theory originally ascribed to Erasmus, namely, that there is no subject so sacred that it may not serve as a legitimate target for wholesome satire or

as the butt of judicious humor; and that good taste and intellectual honesty are the main criteria in determining the suitability of matter for publication.

For the epitomization of these principles, the words of Voltaire cannot be improved upon. "I disagree with every word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

* * * *

WITH this, the third issue of its existence, THE LEHIGH REVIEW begins the first whole year of service to Lehigh students and faculty. We, of the staff have contributed a great deal of time and effort to serve you with the sort of material which is herein contained and believe that it is of a nature which will satisfy a demand on the campus for serious literary work.

It is our belief that the Review has a definite function on the campus and judging from the success enjoyed last year, the University shares our opinion. Contributions of any serious nature or suggestions for material will be appreciated and will be given due consideration. We hope to make the Review a medium for the discussion of campus activities, campus problems and the like.

From its foundation the Review was

fostered very enthusiastically by the faculty who have given it sufficient impetus to start it well on its way and the faculty now maintains merely an advisory function toward the affairs of the Review.

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IF the Lehigh Review is to live up to its title, it must be thoroughly representative of Lehigh. This seems self-evident. But such a state of affairs will be realized only when many and varied contributions are made to the Review by all who are concerned with Lehigh and its aims, purposes and activities. If, in the opinion of anyone, faculty member or student, senior or freshman, certain aspects of Lehigh deserve comment or criticism, discussion or merely portrayal, let him make known his ideas to Lehigh as a body through the medium of this publication. The Staff will welcome all contributions meriting publication, and with the single reservation that any statements made in articles of a serious or controversial nature should have a foundation in fact.

Material submitted for publication should be turned in to any member of the Editorial Staff, R. C. Sickler, Phi Sigma Kappa; R. M. Goepp, Jr., Price Hall; W. J. Scarlett, Phi Gamma Delta, A. J. Wiesner, W. Packer, or B. L. Snively, Section B, Taylor Hall.



THE TRUTH ABOUT COLLEGE

BY A. J. WIESNER, JR.

IDEALS! What darling playthings they are, especially in college. They are good for anything and nothing. Good to be played with, good to be serious about, and good to be laughed over. Especially in college. My Freshman year was a shock to me, and as I proceed the shock is growing greater. Some ideals were stepped on, disfigured and mutilated for me on the spot. They are the ones which gave me the shock I was capable of feeling then. That was because I had brought those ideals with me. But those that are shocking me now and that are being reduced to laughing matter are the ideals that were presented to me then as a sort of make-up gift—the ones that were seared upon my innocent Freshman mind—and on the minds of several hundred other Freshmen. They were ideals that bore the stamp of Wilson, Huxley, Elliot and others as impressive. College—the home of culture; the developer of the mind; the great unifier of conflicting ideas; the training school for leaders; the moulder of men, of citizens, of good parents; in short, the preparation for life. A grand array of ideals and purposes; noble missions, beautiful. But alas, nine-tenths hokum, illusions—ideals that remain

merely ideals. Realization of them? Perhaps in the future, after a revolution in educational systems has occurred. But the present?

Dean Hawkes of Columbia admitted, "the American college has signally failed to interest the boy in what is to become his life work and has failed, therefore, to equip him for his career." The truth of it is appalling truth. How many men have found themselves after four years of training has washed them upon the shores of real life? How many are able to pick themselves up from the sands of those shores ready to face life with purpose and aim? The technical professions perhaps, boast of a larger number of men who think they know

WIESNER SHOWS HERE THE BATTERING INFLUENCE OF COLLEGE UPON THE IDEALS OF UNDERGRADUATES. THE AVERAGE FRESHMAN CHERISHES IDEALS AND ILLUSIONS, WHICH ARE "STEPPED ON, DISFIGURED AND MUTILATED" WHEN HE ARRIVES AT COLLEGE.

"THE AMERICAN COLLEGE HAS SIGNALLY FAILED TO INTEREST THE BOY IN WHAT IS TO BECOME HIS LIFE WORK." THAT IS DUE TO THE HETEROGENEOUS NATURE OF AN UNDERGRADUATE BODY. SUCH A BODY CANNOT, NEVER COULD, AND NEVER WILL, BE IDEALLY MANAGED, OR DIRECTED.

A GREAT DEAL OF THE DAMAGE IS DONE TO UNDERGRADUATE IDEALS BY CYNICAL AND POORLY APPOINTED PROFESSORS. DUE TO THE POOR REMUNERATION, COLLEGE PROFESSORS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SHOULD BE. BERNARD SHAW COMES IN FOR HIS SHARE OF QUOTATION.

what direction is theirs. But the flounders are many, flounders who never cease their floundering, or, if they catch their equilibrium, they plod along wearily, dully, miserably, totally out of harmony with what they had believed were their true interests. Disillusioned. In the other classes, the so-called cultural classes, the number of flounders is far greater. A thick haze of ideals and theories floats before them, dulling everything they see, preventing them from seeing anything. They are unfit, untrained, lost.

I do not have statistics, and it is as

well that I have not, for the discouragement they would engender would send us for a cold plunge. But the failure of colleges to fulfill their purposes is the complaint of deans and graduates, and it is the fear of the undergraduates. As an undergraduate among undergraduates, and as a pained observer of graduates, I am acutely aware that those grand thoughts of Wilson, Elliot, Huxley and the rest which were so vividly set before me, are hollow ideals. I have that fear that I and many of my fellows are not secure, that we will not have that sense of direction that will enable us to choose the right paths.

The first reason for the failure of college lies in the material which college is asked to train, develop and teach. There is an impossible mixture in almost every student body. The majority of the students are as much out of place in a college that at least has those avowed aims of teaching and developing as fish are out of water. If only the energies of these men were turned toward accomplishing something instead of being frayed out in the endeavor to waste four good years! With such a change production would probably be so increased that we would never need worry about birth control. As they are now, they are a liability.

These fellows are interested in everything but that which should interest them. They elect courses of study whose reputations proclaim them to be snaps. "Is it easy?" "Well, then, I'll take it." "Is it easy?" "Well, then, I'll major in it." And thus they are being equipped for their life career; thus they are doing the things that interest them.

Obviously, these men are injuring themselves. But that is not all. They

are building a corral fence around those students who are in college for development, and they have left nothing fresh within the fence—nothing but stereotyped forms of study, mechanical methods, and a mess of stifling laws. The result is that all the students are out of place. The dumb ones want a place that will permit their dumbness to give play to its promptings, and the serious ones are compelled to trudge along in accordance with silly rules and regulations which were made for the dumb ones. A pretty system.

Those men who do hope for something good in college usually stumble upon one of two paths, and sometimes they seem to travel with one foot in each—that of laziness and that of conceit. Naturally they never have to extend themselves to meet the intellectual requirements of the dumb students, unless, perhaps, it be along foolish lines. Consequently, they will do very little work, allowing their energies to lie dormant, and, incidentally, to deteriorate. Or as a result of seeing dullness constantly about them, they will become so conscious of their own intellectual superiority that conceit eats them up.

What should be done then? Just one thing. Students who become enamored of the go-to-college idea should be thrown into a fine sieve, shaken well, and those who fail to get thru sent back home. If they find that college is absolutely necessary for their social life, for their family traditions, for a waste of time, a place will spring up quite naturally. Then things would be convenient. They would be able to waste to their hearts content and would not be forced to act and restrain. And furthermore, they would not be

constricting the development of capable men.

But what chances are there for the reform of those who as they are now ought to be sifted out? And what inspiration for those who would develop? There is little hope for reform and as little inspiration for development. The trouble is rooted in the faculties that preside over us, who are set before us as our teachers, trainers, and guides. Idealistically speaking, as Wilson, Huxley and Elliot spoke, they should be teachers, trainers, and guides, and the outcomes of their work upon us should be the acquisition of knowledge, habits and skills, ideals, attitudes, and interests. But actually? What sort of a mixture do we find among the faculties? It is a mixture all too heavily dosed with men who have no right to the title of teacher. The most of them are men who caused George Bernard Shaw to make his rash statement—"Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." A large and dangerous flock, who teach because they are fitted for nothing else. God and the students know how poorly fitted they are for teaching, that profession whose aim it is to develop in men the ability to "reach out for truth and to grasp it!"

There is another class which helps in making the mixture bad. That is composed of men who, being scholars and research men, bury themselves so deeply in their study and research that they lose sight of the student. They permit him to trudge along under his own guidance, to exist and develop upon the meagre sustenance provided by his own efforts—efforts inspired by disinterest and non-sympathy.

I do not for a moment deny the necessity of the creative spirit. The creative spirit is necessary. Progress is

exhilarated by discovery. Research demands its place, but we would give it its rightful place, and that is not first. The student is the primary consideration. He comes to the university—and in America the university is hardly more than a college—an adolescent. He is plastic. Under real teachers, even the men who do not belong in college might have some change for the good worked on them, and the men who are after development would have a slight offset, at least, to the handicap they are under.

Now the freshman is far more adolescent than the others. He is particularly pliable and more prone to absorb the evils of bad teaching. He has come, presumably, to be trained and developed. Yet what is his immediate fate? He is thrust into the hands of a group of men who are teaching because they can do nothing else, and who teach worse, probably, than they could do anything else. These men then hop to the sport of playing with ideals. They gleefully send the ideals the freshman brought with him crashing to the ground, and they tell him at the same time that college is the home of culture, of mind, of truth, and the rest. As if they themselves represented the finished product! As if they knew what truth is!

What the freshman needs is less indifference and coldness. Not sentiment and affected fatherliness. He is hungry for sympathy and interest, but he starves before he gets either.

The others, the upperclassmen, have by this time become inured to such treatment. Their attitude is one of cynicism and resignation. They still are plagued with the flock of non-teachers. They do have some real teachers,

(Continued on Page 41)

TRADITIONS A LA CARTE

BY A. E. BUCHANAN

Ramblings of a Watchman on the Mountain Who Fears He's Getting Just a Bit Ancient

“MOVING-Up Day” at Lehigh was instituted in the spring of 1926. THE BROWN AND WHITE of May 6, 1927 announced the advent of the second celebration of this occasion in the words “The *traditional* moving-up day ceremonies — — —.”

Sic transit gloria mundi—vice versa, if you get what I mean. From an innovation to a tradition in twelve months! Perhaps, if one understood the theory of relativity of time, this would appear quite simple and natural. Perhaps, again, Tom Bass could throw more light on the accelerated development of the “tradition” than could Einstein, for the BROWN AND WHITE advises further that “Seniors will carry the *traditional* cane and wear yachting caps which are on sale at Tom Bass’ for the sum of one dollar and a quarter — artists’ ties which can be obtained from Tom Bass also — the freshmen shall cut a section out of their caps each day — presumably Mr. Bass will have a new supply of “dinks” for sale to next year’s crop of freshmen.

Let me hasten to disclaim any intent to belittle the cooperation of the amiable Tom, who is, I feel sure, broad minded enough to accept this reference in the spirit of P. T. Barnum who “cared not what anyone says about me so long as he says it loud enough.”

Nor would I lightly chide the editors of THE BROWN AND WHITE, for I know their ever-ready alibi—“written by a freshman competitor.” (In fact, when I was editor of THE BROWN AND WHITE, I was conceited enough to think myself the originator of that very useful alibi.) The incident of

Moving-Up Day is quoted merely as an example of the supreme nonchalance with which we affix a hoary beard to an infant chin and demand for our creation the veneration and respect due the aged.

The truth of the matter is, of course, that we collegians have our own ideas about the meaning of the word “tradition” which does not entirely

coincide with those of Messrs. Funk, Wagnall or Webster. “A custom so long continued that it has almost the force of a “law” does not quite fit our need, although it has a promising sort of familiarity, but it leaves one wondering how long “so long” is. “The transmission of knowledge, doctrines or customs from generation to generation” also comes close to the mark, particularly if we interpret the word generation to mean four years,—a “college generation.” But strictly speaking, many of our Lehigh traditions are not traditions at all; or if they are, then we must define a tradition as a colorful custom or practice which

BUCHANAN BRINGS TO LIGHT THE TRANSITORY NATURE OF TRADITIONS. HE HAS MADE MENTION OF SOME OF THE OLDER TRADITIONS.

TRADITIONS CANNOT BE MADE BY “THE SUPREME NONCHALANCE WITH WHICH WE AFFIX A HOARY BEARD TO AN INFANT CHIN AND DEMAND FOR OUR CREATION, THE VENERATION AND RESPECT DUE THE AGED.” ONE IS APT HOWEVER TO REGARD TRADITIONS AS THE COMMON PRACTICES OF HIS UNDERGRADUATE DAYS. THIS IS CAUSE FOR TEARS OF REGRET FOR “THE GOOD OLD DAYS,” WHEN THE RETURNING ALUMINUS FINDS THAT HIS “TRADITIONS” ARE NO LONGER IN EFFECT.

“BUT WHO CARES FOR TOMORROW WHILE TODAY IS HERE, BEAUTIFUL, HAPPY, BRAVE, GLORIOUS—OURS.”

we associate with our own college days regardless of whether we originated it or whether it survived after us.

Probably any undergraduate would unhesitatingly state that freshman caps have "always" been a tradition at Lehigh. Yet the fathers of some of those same boys never saw a "dink" in their days at Lehigh and think of our present dignified tradition as some sort of "new fangled nonsense that we didn't have in my day." Likewise, a generation from now, when we, perchance, visit our sons at Lehigh, we probably will be shocked and grieved to find that freshmen wear caps, hats or go bareheaded as they please and we'll brush away a tear for the "good old days." I remember very distinctly, ten short years ago, cherishing the good old Lehigh "tradition" that came November each year, Lehigh trounced the everlasting day-lights out of Lafayette on the grid-iron. Is it indelicate to repeat, *sic transit gloria* — — — ?

It was only yesterday, for example, that the 12:10 car was a tradition. Poor fellows, you undergraduates of today; never can you know the devilish, bracingly masculine thrills of the old 12:10 from Seventh and Hamilton (the Allen bar) on any Saturday night. Your flivvers and your Chryslers serve you well; give you a wider ranging radius, a happy freedom from trolley schedules and more privacy for your activities, but what a prosaic substitute is the odor of gasoline for the mingling of smells that characterized the old 12:10. From all corners of "der Stadt" they gathered, down the single white-stone flight where the clock behind the long mahogany bar showed midnight. Just time for a couple before the car came; make it

snappy Ludwig! Here she comes! Always there was that obliging classmate who shouted his warning down the steps as the 12:10 appeared down the street. Come on, your poor sap, drink it down, and come on; do you want to miss the last car? Here, help me up the steps with this souse, willya. Where's Shorty, is he on board? Haven't seen him since we left Mealy's. Hold the car a minute. Aw hell, he walked home with Veronica, he'll never get this car. Hey, shove up front you guys like the conductor tells you; we want to get in this car. Quit your damn swearing willya, there's a lady up front there! I can't help it if I'm pushing you, these birds back of me won't give me room to stand. Let's go—we wanta go to Beslem mister, mach schnell der trolleywagon. Wait a minute, here comes the Zetas—they must have been over at Tolmans. Hello, Zibby, where the hell were you all evening? Sure, I know; brush the powder off your shoulder. Nice fella you are, messin' around with that dame all evening when you might have been drinking with the — — — "live on the right side of Easy Street, and this is the song we sing." Hey, Fritz, do the Phi Rhos have a chapter meeting in Allentown every Saturday night? Open the window and lean out; the air'll make you feel better. I told you not to mix — — — "eagles they fly high, Lafayette, Lafayette; Oh the eagles they fly high, Lafayette, Lafayette —."

Such was the higher education of the 12:10. Fortunately, perhaps, it is as passe now as the well known third floor back, but for our brief moment upon the stage it was a "tradition," and as such will live in us long after the theorems of Maclaurin and Guldinus are forgotten.

Perhaps it is because we are American that we demand our "traditions" be as up to date as our motor cars. At any rate, each of us cherishes his own collection of Lehigh traditions, regardless of their pedigrees. If we can look back over the significant markings left in the years past—not by "old alumni," but by fellows just like us—if our imagination is efficient enough to let us live with them—not the "old customs they used to have years ago," but the "traditions" of only yesterday—then we can sense somehow the tie that binds '88 to '28, and understand better that physiological phenomenon that may be noticed along the spine just as you finish the "soft" part of the last verse and burst out with "let the glad shouts wake the echoes." Anyone who understands what I'm talking about will enjoy looking over the collection of Lehigh memorabilia preserved in the archives of the Alumni Association. There are scrap books galore, autograph albums, photos, tin-types, undergraduate note books from the 70's—in short, an unwritten history of Lehigh—the history of the ball games, the cane rushes, the spiels, the brawls with the "townies," the razzing of officers and teachers long since gone to their rewards, of the tug-of-wars, of Calypso Island, of student politics, of Charlie Rennig's place, of Fem Sem, of Spring hops, June hops, and malt and hops, of Calculus Cremation, the Literary Society, the class banquets (with the wine list on the back of the menu), the old covered bridge and a thousand other things that good Judge Packer didn't mention in his original specifications.

Of course, this collection of memorabilia did not accumulate of its own accord. As one turns the pages of the

scrap books one finds that the fingers which performed this labor of love have left their print. There was Charles E. Ronaldson, '69, whose careful preserving of the souvenirs of his college days has handed down the best relics of those first colorful years. By far the largest collection was due to the systematic efforts of our own Prof. E. H. Williams, '75, who preserved the relics not only of his own undergraduate days, but during his years as Professor of Geology at Lehigh. There are a number of rare bound volumes of ancient University registers, University sermons and other books bearing the name of C. E. Clapp, '86.

Probably the oldest official publication of the University in existence is the printed announcement of the opening of Lehigh. It is a four-page folder, headed by a drawing of Packer Hall, sketched from the architect's plans, and announcing quietly that the institution "will be opened to receive students, in the first two classes, on Saturday, September 1, 1866." The outstanding advantages of the location, transportation facilities and healthful environment are set forth in terms worthy of a modern Chamber of Commerce, the concluding sentence being especially interesting: "It is also important to state that perhaps no town in the country has a purer and healthier moral atmosphere, in which to train young men, than this old Moravian settlement."

Then there is a fairly complete set of the old "mock programs," of the seventies. If the real program of University Day (Commencement) be laid beside the "mock" program for the same occasion one would say after a casual glance that the two were identical, so closely was the type style and

general arrangement imitated. One can almost feel the exultation of the young scamp who first managed to lay hands on a copy of the real program a few days before Commencement and who sought out a printer who could duplicate the type for a rush job and keep it to himself. What must that august group of scholars in the faculty chairs have thought when they opened the neat little folder to find their own idiocyncrasies advertised in no uncertain terms to the appreciative audience!

Another echo from the late sixties is the collection of "passes" issued to Lehigh students over the Lehigh Valley Railroad in those days. Evidently the conductor did not even bother to take up the pass, for they all saw the service for which they were issued. One is signed by Asa Packer himself. The others, much more ornate in appearance, are signed by other L. V. R. R. officials, and one of them, originally made out "to Lehighton" has scrawled across the front "Good to Mauch Chunk and return—Goodwin." The donor of these relics, Charles E. Ronaldson, '69, explains:

"The enclosed passes will show how '69 and '70 used to go to the Easton shops for manual labor and experience. The Lehighton pass was given so we might view a bad accident on the L. V. R. R. at above place and, as the pangs of hunger smote us. Supt. Goodwin made it good to Mauch Chunk and return. The Asa Packer pass was handed the writer to escort a 'Seminary' friend to a musicale at Easton, where it is needless to add, we had a most charming time."

Hundreds of newspaper clippings make up another section of the exhibit. It must be admitted that edi-

torial comment on "last night's disgraceful occurrence" is not uncommon, but one guesses that ye editor had his tongue in his cheek as he wrote. And after all, the "disgraceful occurrences" of yesterday are among the sweetest memories of today. For instance, who of '88 has forgotten the night of their sophomore supper, reported in the "BETHLEHEM TIMES" under the heading, "A Disgraceful Row," as follows:

"After much hard fighting, in which a few were slightly hurt, the freshmen found that it was useless to attempt to get the supper and called for truce. They sent their president to confer with the Sophs and suggested that if the Sophs would give them half the supper they would be satisfied. This ridiculous proposition was of course instantly rejected. The Freshmen then offered to go home if the Sophs would promise not to molest them when they held their supper. They were informed that the Sophomores desired to make no compromise. After a little more fighting, the Freshmen gave up the siege and retired from the field, leaving the Sophomores to enjoy their supper without any further molestation."

Conspicuous as the first undergraduate publication is the file of Volume 1, of "The Lehigh Journal," started by the energetic class of '76—the predecessor of the Lehigh Quarterly and the Brown and White. O yes, the Burr; though its early volumes would not be recognized by this generation for it was a dignified, ambitious little journal, part news, part essays and editorials. And amid these ghosts of yesterday's traditions now shine the first issues of this very latest of our literary institutions, the Lehigh Review; an innovation yesterday, a "tradition" today and—but who can see tomorrow?

MURDER AS A FINE ART

BY FRANKLIN H. KISSNER

MURDER bears all the hallmarks of an art. It has all the spontaneity, vivacity, and subtle finesses that is generally connected with more aesthetic pursuits. We have, however, left murder, for too long a time, in the hands of bunglers and slaughterers, none of whom are capable of appreciating its finer qualities.

In the past, we have associated murder with bloodshed. Our conception of it has been so distorted that we actually feel repulsion at what should constitute a higher study. Recently the tide turned. Murder now bids fair to become one of America's favorite outdoor sports. Chicago and Herrin have restored the art to its proper status.

Murder like art, is spontaneous, as said before. When premeditated it loses its essence as an art and becomes sordid. It should be quick, glowing with inspiration. Like art, too, the thought of murder is universal; it occurs to people of all kinds and classes. In both art and murder, a stimulus alone is needed. Gaze at a beautiful scene and you will want to paint a picture; hear someone call you Willie, and if your name is William, the desire to murder becomes almost irresistible.

Subjects for murder are to be found everywhere. Some of them seem actually to wish to be gently and delicately done away with. Who has never felt the impulse rising at times within him, to throttle the average telephone operator, or the loquacious matron who dotes on her last operation?

When one meets persons such as these, the instinct to kill rises, just as the instinct or urge to create is born

in the artist. Murder is often not only a means of personal satisfaction, but, as in the cases mentioned, a benefit to society at large. In years to come I shall not be surprised to find that the Government has organized a secret, but official, Murder Corps. Thus will murder come into its own.

The technique of murder has long been on the decline. Often I am disposed to think that the technique of killing, as an art, reached its high-water mark with the Borgias, and has been declining ever since. The Borgian, without a doubt, brought murder to its highest state of artistic value. In the centuries that followed the Borgias, murder sank lower and lower. Under the pirates it became, for a short time, brilliant and colorful. It savored, once more, of grace, daring, boldness. The pirates killed with gusto, with a keen pleasure in bringing death, and generally with a cutlass. In our times murder has been cheapened. It has lost its flair for the romantic.

The artistic execution of murder has never been fully developed among the Occidentals. Murder, finely done, is never bloody. Bloody murder is a paradox, an impossibility. We have ignored this fact in the past, with few exceptions. We have connected murder with the blunderbuss and pistol. The poison vial and strangler's cord are too often forgotten. These, however, are the true implements of murder, for murder is quick, silent, cruel, efficient. It has something of mystery in it, some lurking threat. Orientals feel this power and mystery of murder and are drawn by it. Most of us in

the west, however, do not respond to the quiet charm of murder and are, consequently, unable, to distinguish murder from mere killing. We cannot appreciate the fine points of an art which does not appeal to the physical senses. And then, too, the average Occidental lacks tolerance. He has been told that murder is evil and therefore shuts his eyes to anything in it that may be worth appreciating.

I would advise no one to become a murderer. Modern civilization frowns upon murder and its followers. I do think, however, that murder should receive the appreciation due it as an art. A murder, gloriously done, should thrill the world. And if we must be murderers, we should be murderers with life, fire, ardor and elan, true murderers, worthy of the name and deed.



ONE SIDE OF IT

BY A. J. WIESNER, JR.

WE all have ideas, supposedly. We are students at Lehigh University. I have mine and you have yours. One idea of mine that I like to believe is true is that I am broadminded, ready to change when I see a better display of logic than mine. But then, we all like to kid ourselves along. Kidding ourselves along seems to be our favorite habit. It makes things so very convenient. And believing you are broadminded, you know, is a pleasant thought. It is excellent food for a bull session—excellent until the time comes for actual broadmindedness. Then we realize that broadmindedness is many miles away from us; we are narrowminded. And so I suppose I am not broadminded. Frequently I have been told so. But I hope eventually to evolve into that condition. At present a few ideas are nesting in my mind and I feel the urge to set them to wing. I don't care what their fate is. Who cares? They will conflict, of course, with yours, and a shower of sparks will fly from the friction. But here is a slight test of your own broadmindedness. Nevertheless, try to be broadminded. Don't

rip out the page, for what does it matter? Tomorrow, if I succeed in being broadminded, my side of it may be your side of it.

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ON FREE LOVE

Plato thought that free love was a fine and safe indulgence for philosophers, men of enlightened intellect. I have serious doubts about the safety of such an indulgence even among the so endowed, for it is an indulgence, and indulgences have a way of becoming fatal. But why should I worry about free love if it is to be confined only to the intellectually enlightened? Where are they? It is when free love is free to all, as to the mob in Russian that I worry. Enlightened, they? God help them.

Free love? Inject every newborn babe with fatal germs and you have something almost as bad as free love. For with free love the family is destroyed, and the child is ushered into an environment that is cold, stifling and warped, as is that of child farms. And environment, especially that of the early years, is the most determining factor in the shaping of life.

Granted that the environments of many homes are perhaps more warped. But pray, will not the ignorance in such homes be far more ruinous if permitted to go rampant under the liberty accorded by free love?

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ON ROMANTIC COLLEGE MEN

It takes all kinds to make up even a college—and there are all kinds. Among others, there is the romantic type of college man. He is the chap who thinks that there are certain traditions which college passes around to be partaken of, and that he must taste them before he can become a college man, full of romance and of the glamour of love. (I don't know where he "conceived" the notion, unless it be from the minds of the sex appealing ones at home). Wildness, carefreeness, "experience"—these he must taste or he cannot qualify. And it is essential, of course, that he qualify. For in his mind, of what good is youth with all its advantages if he cannot go back into love's free-for-all fray and shine in it with all the shinings of superiority and experience?

And so the dish of tradition is passed around, and he partakes. A wild, crazy drive over smooth macadam roads. How daring he is! A few innocent flirtations with questionable wenches; a few near "experiences." How sophisticated he is! This is the extent of his wildness. But he has sown wild oats, he believes, and that is the thing that satisfies and that gives him prestige in romance.

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ON YOUNG MEN IN LOVE

It is queer, tho not in the sense of unusual, to see a young man in love. You never can be certain when you notice a young man hovering about the brink of the disease, just what out-

ward effects the affliction will produce upon him—the results vary. But he is always amusing. "Unconscious comedians," Elbert Hubbard said of a pair of lovers, and I dare say, the one alone loses none of his unconsciousness and less of his comicalness. We are speaking here, of course, of the young man. Now, as I said, the results of the disease vary. One fellow who falls will be a chap who has always maintained a Stoic's attitude toward things. He, of course, cannot afford to give way to outward expression of such sentiments as love. Then you have another chap who has always laughed at the idea of young men falling in love, so that when he falls—and they all do—just look at the marriage statistics—his pride and dignity demand that he laugh all the more. But the most frequent manifestation of the disease is an angelic, beatific countenance, a display of docility and considerateness, a great frequency of from-the-heart sighs, and a continual slight quivering of the body occasioned by memories of the past and imaginings of the future. You are at a bull session, discussing modern topics. You have just ended a particularly good one and are enjoying the laughs of appreciation when you notice that they do not have their usual voluminosity. Suddenly the matter is clear; you discover that the attendance is diminished by one. And ever after, or, at least, as long as the affliction lasts, and of its longevity you never can be sure, you will miss this young man from all your good parties. For he has become a moralizer.

He may be amusing, this young man in love. Yet I daresay, a good many of us, who are so amused, if we are not carefully concealing the effects of a similar affliction, are often envious of our "unconscious comedian."

ON NONCHALANCE

There is a notion pregnant in the minds of many Lehigh students—I am speaking here only of Lehigh students, tho I presume there are other non-students far worse—(you see, tho I have survived two years here I still have faith and “college spirit”?—but there is a notion here that laziness is a mark of culture, gentlemanly breeding, etc., etc. Laziness, of course, they do not call it. The only ones who are brave enough to call it that are the geniuses, and their number, like the number of the members of the intellectual aristocracy, is not large enough to worry about. But this “many” love to call it nonchalance. The word is French, pretty, resonant. “I am nonchalant about my studies, about learning, about anything serious,” or, “I don’t give a damn about any of those things,” (that is what they say, at least until the semi-annual pilgrimage “away from” goes into effect.) It sounds genteel and manly, both at the same time. But I wonder.

* * * *

ON CONDEMNATIONS BY THESE LAZYBONES

If the harm these layzbones worked confined itself to them alone nobody would care. But they are brazen, and they hurl hurtful epithets at serious men who happen to attain recognition in their work. They see in the man who is after development an enemy to

their cause, and what they do is to resort to rationalization. They make a weak attempt to convince themselves that there is in their own indifference, laziness, ignorance, or inability something honorable, genteel, romantic. And they discourage the better man by applying the misnomer “course crabber.”

* * * *

ON THE REAL COURSE CRABBER

There is of course, a genuine course crabber, and he is not hard to detect. There is nothing behind which he can hide. His characteristics fairly ooze out of him. First of all, he is governed by a fierce passion for high marks. Knowledge and development are not part of his aim. High marks—he lives for them, he dreams of them. He prays that everyone in the class will fail excepting him—and his mark must be an A. If his work comes back with anything but an A, (unless it be A plus), an injustice has been committed. He protests. The paper must be re-read. Extra points lurk in the hidden meanings of all his answers. An A must be forthcoming—nothing else will do. Justice demands.

This is the course crabber in person, and he is disgusting enough. But care must be taken, when you hear a man so dubbed that you are not listening to an asinine, lazy, incapable chap who thinks he is preserving his self respect beneath a cloak of romantic disdain.



AN OFF DAY

BY THOS. L. GUNTHER

JIMMY Atwood was the most humdrum mortal who ever borrowed his room-mate's neck-ties; I ought to know, for I was his room-mate the whole 4 years we were students at that noble university our friend R.G.K. calls "Valley Tech." We were Damon and Pythias, Mutt and Jeff, or David and Goliath, depending on how you looked at the situation, but we were as loyal room-mates as ever used the same razor. As frosh we took eats for each other and lied with religious fervor to the sophomores; we spent each other's money and trumped each other's aces without fear of recrimination; we finished our freshman activities together by attending the banquet in the Hellertown cave. In fact, the only thing we never seemed to share together was our idle time; for much as I hate to cast aspersions on my buddie's character, the fact remains that Jimmy was somewhat of a grind: he didn't have any idle time. As for me, despite the fact that I was supposed to be an embryonic engineer, I was known to all the loyal Brewers as "that God damn poet." All the myths pertaining to poetic license attached themselves unfailingly to my name, until my reputation was scarcely one to be envied. But of all my vagaries, real or fancied, Jimmy took no notice; he continued on his studious way, and got his reward by exempting most of the finals. I didn't see him again till we came back at the beginning of our sophomore year. He was still the same old Jimmy, regular as a clock, and studious as a Greek philosopher. I don't believe any one ever expected Jimmy to do anything extraordinary, and he seldom disappointed them, but, being

human, even Jimmy had his moments. The most momentous of all of them came that following spring.

It rained cats and dogs thru the first two weeks of April; the whole college was planning to shift its course to Naval Architecture by the time the third week opened. In another it would have been wet enough to satisfy even Judge Junior, but that was not to be. The storm was breaking when I came back from the show on Tuesday night: I remarked on the fact to Jimmy as I stoked up my pipe for an hour's drill at calculus before I went to bed.

"'Bout time," said Jimmy, stretching himself luxuriously in our famous easy chair. "This bloomin' weather was starting to get on my nerves. Calc? Watch that fifth one, Bill; she's a sucker. I'm going up to Charlie's to play bridge for a while."

It was a good thing Jimmy warned me about that fifth one, for it was a P-whizzer. It was almost half-past one before I finally got it, and turned in. It cleared off wonderfully during the night, for when I woke up the sun was shining in the window, and Jimmy was already in the shower, carolling about the something King of England at the top of his voice. Jimmy wasn't in the habit of singing, but I passed it off, for the sun felt too good after all those days of rain to bother about anything else. In fact, it felt so good that I took a walk back over the mountain that afternoon instead of staying at home and using my spare time to write a lab report. I must have spent hours wandering around admiring the different views, for it was almost dark when I got back and found Jimmy playing my pet jazz record, and

solemnly practicing the latest steps in the middle of our suite-room.

"Well, I'll be damned," I blurted out, as soon as I recovered enough. "When did you bust loose?"

Jimmy grinned a trifle sheepishly. "Hell, my sister taught me to dance when I was just a kid."

"Well, who'd have thunk it. A man of your ability and standing in the community indulging in such pass-times. Shocking!"

"Go to the devil. You're no model of probity and rectitude yourself."

"But my dear sir, you forgot that I'm a poet. Great artists have always been — — —"

"Bunk. When you're a great artist, I'll be the president."

"O, well, what difference will it make a hundred years from now. Let's go down and stuff the old gut."

We rambled along down to the Hercules and wrapped ourselves around a good square meal. After that we felt so lazy that it took us about a quarter of an hour to get halfway up the hill, and the effort fatigued us so much that we sat down on the library steps to rest and throw the bull for a while. Finally I suggested that maybe we'd better be getting along up to study.

"Aw, let's go to a show," said Jimmy. "I couldn't study tonight if I tried, and I don't feel like trying."

"But, man, I've got work to do. I've got that lab report, and an English theme, and — — —"

"Forget 'em and come on. I haven't been on a bust since the Lord knows when, and I'm going to one tonight if I have to go alone. Coming?"

I couldn't bear to see Jimmy running into temptation all alone that way.

"All right," said I. "What'll it be."

"Let's try the Globe." Pratt was up

there Monday, and he said it was pretty good."

"Check. Suits me." And off we went down the hill again.

The show was absolutely rank, so we amused ourselves by making wise-cracks at all the actors. We nearly got thrown out, and the whole audience was looking daggers at us, but we were enjoying ourselves, and didn't give a damn. We sat half thru the show again just so Jimmy could make a crack he thought of at one of the actorines, then beat it out as the head usher started in our direction. Jimmy was running in rare form by that time; I really didn't quite know what to make of him, for it was the only time I ever saw him like that, but there was no stopping him, so I just had to go along. We headed out the pike to a little shack and had a couple of beers in the duly time-honored fashion: it was really pretty good beer, so we felt better when we headed home again. Jimmy was relating the woes of the madamoiselle to all and sundry who cared to hear of them with a fluency that was surprising in such a course-crabber. However, since he seemed to know the words pretty well, I helped him out, and we were going strong when we got back in town. By that time we were both pretty hungry, for it was a pretty stiff walk back from the shack, so we went into one of the little tea-rooms to get a cup of coffee and a sandwich. We parked ourselves at a table in the back and waited for a while. By and by a peach of a little blonde waitress decided that she might as well wait on us, so she walked over and asked us if we were getting what we wanted.

"There are signs of it's happening if we stay here long enough," said I.

"You don't know whether they have any waitresses here, do you?"

"Well, I might do something for you if you're a good boy. What do you want? We have ham sandwich, cheese sandwich, tongue sandwich, lettuce-and-tomato sandwich — — —

"Cup of coffee and a ham sandwich," said I.

"Ditto," said Jimmy.

"I will have them for you in a minute"; and off she hoofed toward the kitchen.

"Not so bad," said I, admiringly.

"No, not half," said Jimmy, eyeing her appraisingly from her French heels upward. "Got a nifty build. I wouldn't mind having that myself."

"Better go slow, Jimmy. You never can tell where you're going to wind up when you start monkeying around with these women."

"Who's monkeying around with any of them?"

"Nobody. I'm just warning you."

"Better take your own advice once in a while." There was a long pause, then—"But you've got to admit she's a good looker, all right."

"Well, anyway, here she comes with our grub. This is on you, 'cause I'm broke."

Jimmy fished around in his pocket and finally pulled out a ten spot. She looked at it for a minute, then looked at Jimmy. "Haven't you anything smaller than this?"

"No. I'm sorry but I really haven't."

I whistled. Jimmy nearly threw his coffee cup at me, because he knew the words that went with that tune—

But I knew damn well

She lied like hell,

'Cause I — — —

"What's the big idea?"

"I just wanted to get that bill changed."

"Yes-s, you did. You want that bloomin' jane to think you're a regular millionaire, don't you?"

"Well, what of it?"

"O, nothing. I wish you'd act your age once in a while. Imposing on a poor, innocent little girl like that."

"Aw, shut up."

I did, but it was because our waitress was back, and not because Jimmy told me to. She still seemed interested in Jimmy, and after she counted his change out to him, she remarked, "Didn't I see you at the Young People's Social the other night?"

"You mean the one at the — — — Church?"

"Yes. You were there, then?"

"O, yes. Were you the girl in that blue dress that helped serve the cakes?"

"Yes, that was me. You were the boy that sat over there by the stairs, next to that awful fat girl."

"That was me. Let's see. Your name was Mary, wasn't it."

"No, Rose is my name: Rose Jackson."

"O, yes. You live up in the Indian territory, don't you?"

She laughed a little, tinkley laugh. "You're clever, aren't you? Yes, I live up on Navajo street: five-eighteen."

"Do you work here every night?"

"O, no. I have Tuesday's and Thursday's off every week. Friday and Saturday I have to work, tho, for we're usually pretty busy."

"Can't I drop in and see you some time?"

"Well, we're usually not so busy in the middle of the morning or afternoon. You might drop in then some day if you really want to."

"I will," promised Jimmy, as we left.

"Like hell, you will," said I, as soon as the door was closed.

"Who'll stop me?" asked Jimmy beligerently.

"I will."

"I'd damn well like to see you."

After that there was a profound silence as we walked up the hill. We neither of us spoke a word, except when we "helloed" a couple of frosh near the chem. building. I got to work on some heat engines problems as soon as we got back, but Jimmy couldn't seem to settle down. First he straightened some of the pictures, and then he played the phonograph; next he took out a deck of cards and shuffled it for a while; finally he took out a book and stared at it for about ten minutes straight, without turning a page. After that he simply gave up in disgust, and went off to bed. I finished up my problems in about half an hour and followed him, but he was already sound asleep.

I popped out of bed again at precisely five minutes to eight: we do it every morning, and Thursday was no exception, for me. I hollered at Jimmy before I headed for the showers, but he was still pounding his ear when I came back to throw on my duds, so I poked him gently in the ribs once or twice. He managed to grunt a couple of times, then turned over and demanded sleepily, "What the hell's the idea?"

"Come on, get up."

"What for?"

"Don't you have an eight o'clock?"

"Sure. What of it?"

"Come on, then. Get up, or you'll be late."

"Not me. I ain't going."

"What?"

"You heard me. I aint going." And with that Jimmy buried his nose in his pillow again. I didn't have time to stop to argue with him, for I was late already, so I pulled his covers off and ran. I could hear him cussing me a blue streak as I hopped down the steps two at a time. I got to the class just as they were calling the roll, so I was marked present, but I guess it was a dead loss, otherwise. I was too worried about Jimmy to bother much with studies. Not that the cuts would hurt him. Jimmy could have cut from then to the end of the semester and still have passed his courses. But he seemed to be going so entirely to pieces that I was really worried. In any other fellow I wouldn't have thought of it twice, but in Jimmy—well, it simply wasn't natural, that was all. I was still worrying about him when I came back up from my ten o'clock. I found him in the showers, instead of in bed as I had expected, vainly trying to whistle and shave at the same time. He broke off the concert when I came in to give me a piece of sad news. "Hey, I didn't have any more blades, so I used yours."

"You low down bum. Do you know that's my last blade, and has to last me till I get my check from the old man next week?"

"'Smatter? Broke?"

"Flatter than a saltless ham?"

"Too bad. Guess I'll have to borrow from Charlie, if you don't have it."

"What do you want money for? Your meal ticket's good to the end of the week."

"Gotta date."

"That bloomin' bim from the restaurant, I'll bet a hat."

"She's a damn nice girl. Ought to be. I met her at church."

"What's that got to do with it? When'd you get the date?"

"Called her up at work this morning. Tonight's her night off, so I put in a reservation. She said she'd drag along another Jane if you wanted to come."

"Guess I'd better. You need a dozen chaperones, at the rate you're going."

"Aw, horsecollar. Don't be an egg. I've got as much right to go out and have a good time as you damned poets."

"Yes, but you don't have to make a fool of yourself to do it."

"Who's making a fool of himself?"

"You are."

"No more than you did with that broad you picked up on the bridge last month. If you weren't a fool then, nobody ever was."

"O, well, that was different. Besides, who'll know a hundred years from now. Let's go down and eat."

"Suits me."

After dinner we decided to walk across town and see the girls. That was mostly my suggestion, because I wanted to see what kind of a woman I drew for the party. All the way over Jimmy raved about that blonde girl of his. I didn't dare say anything, because I didn't dare have a fight with Jimmy just then, but I was doing some tall thinking all the way over, for Jack Quinin from the HB house spent the whole English period giving me the low-down on her. Jack knew her pretty well, because he'd been trotting out with her once in a while ever since he was a frosh, and his opinion wasn't in the least edifying. I finally came to the conclusion that there was nothing to do but wait, and see what would happen. Jimmy was still raving when

we got to the tea-room again.

"O, Jimmy, how are you?" trilled Rose. "Is he coming along tonight, too?"

"Yes, he thought he'd like to go, so I brought him over to introduce him. Miss Rose Jackson, Mr. Bill deVinit."

"I'm so glad to meet you. Just a minute till I get Dorothy."

"Isn't she a peacherino?" said Jimmy, when she left.

"She sure does know her lipstick," I had to admit. She sure did! I'm no amateur, and I had some job to keep from falling for her myself. Jimmy was absolutely gone, and she knew it, so there wasn't a thing I could do to help him. However, she didn't give me long to think the situation over, but came back leading the niftiest little red-head I ever set eyes on.

"Bill, I want you to meet Dot. Mr. deVinit, Miss Michaels. I hope you'll like each other."

"Charmed," said I, with a low bow.

"Delighted!" said she, with a prim little courtesy. Then she laughed, and I knew I'd drawn a good sport.

"Well, now that we know each other," said I, "when is it?"

"Tonight at seven thirty," said Jimmy. "I thought I told you before."

"Not a word. Where shall we call for you, girls?"

"I think you'd better come to my house. You know where that is, Jimmy. Dot lives too far out of town to be convenient. so she can stay with me tonight."

"I think you boys had better go now. Here come some customers. See you tonight, Bill."

"Bye."

"Good bye."

"Seven-thirty, Jimmy."

(Continued on Page 43)

LITERARY LAPSES

MUSINGS ON THE LATEST BOOKS

ALMOST PAGAN

BY J. D. BERESFORD

IS a man of forty-five at the dangerous age? It is the attitude of most modern writers to consider the college man in the so-called "dangerous age." Beresford, however, shows how a man is "almost pagan" all his life. His hero, Henry Blackstone, has lived a puritanical life. He has been faithful to a rather ordinary life and has supported his family in mediocrity by writing pleasing, but lifeless novels.

A curt note awakens him abruptly from his humdrum existence:

Dear Mr. Blackstone:

Awfully sorry to bother you and I wouldn't have if I weren't right down to my uppers, but I've got a strong suspicion that that bright lad of yours is the father of my little daughter (aged five weeks), and so I've got some sort of right to appeal to you haven't I? I feel pretty mean but I can't help it. Do come and see me, there's a nice man, and I'll tell you how things are. I've got a notion we'd get on together. Billy Williams pointed you out to me at the 'Dinner Club' about a year ago. Billy's gone to America on some silly stunt now, and I can't get at him or it would probably have been all right. Oh damn! Anyway you'll come, won't you?

Yours,

Phyllis Brownlow.

Phyllis Brownlow is by far the most interesting character in the story.

With an "ultra-modern" code of morals, she behaves in a manner which startles the staid Mr. Blackstone. However, she is very appealing in her sincerity and straightforwardness. It is under the stimulus of her philosophy that Blackstone emerges from his chrysalis of suppressed emotions and inhibitions to become a self-sufficient and ambitious man.

* * * *

DOOMSDAY

BY WARWICK DEEPING

"Doomsday" will hold the attention of the man interested in feminine sexual psychology. In this novel Deeping portrays the mental reactions of his heroine in her struggle between a marriage for love and a marriage for money. To her distorted imagination the lack of money is a curse. As the book progresses, however, she feels that love is the all-dominating element and is brought face to face with the problem of which man to give up.

The author, to prevent his romance from becoming a tragedy, is forced several times to resort to the use of artifice. This tends somewhat to make the situation less real and therefore a trifle less interesting. Eugene O'Neill, in handling the same plot would have brought it to its natural outcome and would have produced as a result one of his powerfully emotional tragedies. Nevertheless, "Doomsday" is well worth reading.

SORRELL AND SON

BY WARWICK DEEPING

"Sorrell and Son" is truly a remarkably interesting story. It is the tale of a father's love for his motherless son presented in a manner entirely free from the hokum which is often concomitant with this plot. The son, Kit, is brought up to consider his father an intimate and trustworthy confidant. A strong bond is established between the two based on the respect they feel for each other.

Driven by the desire to give his son all the opportunities which he lacked, Sorrell works slavishly and raises himself to the realm of successful men. Kit, realizing the sacrifices that have been made for him, attains an M. D. degree and becomes a famous surgeon. In this novel also, the author tends toward the use of obvious artifice, however, he manages to bring the plot to a natural close which, although it is somewhat tragic, is intensely interesting.

* * * *

LABELS

BY A. HAMILTON GIBBS

Gibbs, in his previous novels, has shown a decided flair for characterization and philosophy. This is even more emphasized in his most recent work, a post-war novel, called "Labels." As in his "Soundings" the main thought underlying the book seems to be, "Consider what you are going to do with life not what life is going to do with you." His chief characters return from the chaos called War and attempt to find their status in society. Rebuffed by the attitude of the world towards them, they toss aside all claims to fame and settle down to carve themselves a niche in the social structure.

The title of the book is derived from the brands which society tends ignor-

antly to apply in a blanket fashion to each class. The outstanding characters in this book are divided into two classes and labeled "patriots" and "slackers." Gibbs then proceeds to portray how little these labels mean in the readjustment which takes place. He does not make his "patriots" miserable failures and his "slackers" glorious successes, but he does show how in the long run each is rated according to the work he has done with complete disregard for his wartime status. He cites a pacifist argument advanced by a "conscientious objector" which is very sound and difficult to refute. Taken as a whole, "Labels" is very pleasant reading.

* * * *

BROADWAY—A Three-Act Drama

BY PHILLIP DUNNING

and

GEORGE ABBOTT

For a description of New York life in the raw this play excels anything of its kind. Chorus girls, gangsters, bootleggers, and detectives are intermingled in a drama which combines mystery, intrigue, and romance in a manner entirely different from the melodramatic aspect which they tend to assume. The play has no definite, clearly-traced plot, but it is rather a glimpse of what goes on back of the scenes every day. Humor and pathos is depicted delicately and understandingly.

The best feature of the play is its reality. This is attained by portraying the human nature of the characters. Each of them is set forth with no particular emphasis laid on either their good or their bad traits. This explains the excellent reception it received from theatre-goers who enjoy dramas which "hold the mirror up to nature."

JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

BY PROF. C. S. FOX

PIERRE Noziere bought his ticket for the show April 16, 1844. On this same day was born Jacques-Anatole-Francois Thibaut. We know him as Anatole France. In tales drawn from the experiences of his childhood and early youth, the little fellow who embodies the recollections of what he himself once was and did, appears under the name of Pierre Noziere. Some people, never unconscious of the idea that the world is but a stage, are always playing a part. Not so was Anatole, but quite the opposite. For him, indeed, the world was a theatre, but a theatre in which he did not play a part. He saw himself more properly as one of the audience. He is present at the spectacle. He has an advantageous seat and through his eyes we are allowed to see the play. In a conversational manner, he tells us about what he sees and his reactions to the scene. In fact, he tells us that the hall enclosed with seried ranks of seats and curtained stage is, of all theatres, the least interesting.

The setting of the stage for young Noziere was first his little room with its green wall paper, in the house on the quai Malaquais; then, it was the court about which the house was built, where the washlady's Alphonse in his

seatless pants paddled in the gutters and Madame Laroque's parrot swung on its perch, singing snatches of ribald songs; then, it became an ever-widening spectacle, bounded on the one side by the Jardin des Plantes and on

the other by the Arc de Triomphe, a theatre full of wonderful sights for a little child, who went walking with his nurse. And so the circle kept on widening until it took in many lands. The stairs of the old Paris house on the banks of the Seine, those steps, the climbing of which was such an athletic venture for Pierre's short legs, became smaller and smaller, as those legs grew in length. As the scope of his

PROFESSOR FOX HAS GONE DEEPLY INTO THE MENTAL MAKE-UP OF ANATOLE FRANCE. HIS THEORIES, IDEAS AND IMAGININGS ARE CLEARLY ANALYZED.

BEGINNING WITH SOME OF FRANCE'S EARLIER WORKS, PROFESSOR FOX TAKES THE DELIGHTFUL VIEW THAT ANATOLE HAS SUPPLIED AN AUTOMOBILE TO THOSE WHO WOULD READ HIS BOOKS. FROM THIS AUTOMOBILE PROFESSOR FOX DESCRIBES THE POINTS OF INTEREST WHICH ARE BROUGHT BEFORE HIS EYES WHILE JOY-RIDING.

QUOTING ANATOLE FRANCE, "WHEN ONE READS A BOOK HE READS IT AS HE WILLS OR RATHER, HE READS THEREIN WHAT HE WILLS." FROM THIS POINT OF VIEW, HE MAKES A DELIGHTFUL AND PLEASANT ARTICLE WHICH WILL STAND CAREFUL SCRUTINY AND DELIBERATION.

THIS IS THE FIRST OF THREE INSTALLMENTS WHICH PROFESSOR FOX HAS WRITTEN FOR REVIEW.

vision grew wider, his knowledge increased in extent. However, we have indicated as yet but a fraction of the source from which that knowledge came. In his books and in his studies he delved into the distant past and so, for the Anatole of philosophic mind, the show began not in 1844, but at a date no calendar knows. He was present when "through the mighty void, the seeds of Earth and Air and Sea and pure ethereal Fire, had been together ranged." He may have had his doubts as to a life after death but he enjoyed, to a greater extent than most men, a sort of reverse immortality, in

so far as his creative imagination carried him back through the experience and thought of mankind to the beginning of things.

One of his earlier stories, published in the volume called *Balthasar*, takes us back, in connection with the central theme, to Adam's first wife "Lilith." Where does he get the idea that Adam had a wife previous to the creation of Eve? He says he got it from the Talmud. Naturally, if Adam had a wife before the Fall, children born of this marriage would not inherit the consequences of the sin that drove our first parents from the garden of Eden. The children of Lilith could not sin. They could not die. The fruit of the tree, which grew in the center of the garden, was still intact and her descendants could have no knowledge of good and evil. Under these circumstances, it must be true that some of Lilith's descendants are still living on the earth. An interesting possibility occurs to Mr. France. What would happen if a young man of today, a descendant of Adam and Eve, should fall in love with a daughter of Lilith, who according to the conditions of the problem, could have no idea of good or evil. The result of course is disastrous for the young man. Leila, the daughter of Lilith agrees to give him up and begins again her endless pilgrimage.

Some of us have felt, at times, a touch of sympathy for the Wandering Jew, who for nineteen hundred and sixty odd years has dragged his weary feet along Earth's many paths. Condemned to live, he cannot die. But Ahasverus is but a child compared to the daughter of Lilith. Leila started her pilgrimage four thousand and thirty odd years before the Wandering Jew had even thought of beginning his

adventure. (I put in the odd years as a factor of safety, as I am not quite sure to what extent the birth of Leila antedated the advent of Eve.)

On leaving the young man, Leila put in his hands a token, on which was written words he could not understand. He took it to Safrac, the priest, who was learned in many long-forgotten tongues. After careful examination the father said: "This is written in words which I translate with ease. The meaning is:—

Prayer of Leila, daughter of Lilith
My God, grant me death, that I may taste of life.

My God, give me remorse, that I may know pleasure.

My God, make me the equal of the daughters of Eve."

I may not walk the streets of Paris from my early days, and look into windows filled with medallions and old prints, nor visit the shop where Leclerc sold crusader's swords and ancient armor, nor spend hours in thumbing the old books laid out on the stone wall that lines the Seine. Life is short. I shall take a shorter way. I shall ask Anatole to let me have his automobile. In a few hours I shall swiftly ride through years and centuries. Of course you know, I am not talking about a real automobile but the imaginary open car which I make for myself out of his books. I shall pass through the scenes that presented themselves to his eyes and I shall try to think the thoughts he thought. I do not flatter myself that I shall always see what he saw in the same way, nor interpret his words with the same meaning they had for him. Even if Anatole were sitting in the seat beside me, and were good enough to point out what he saw, I am not sure that I

should see what he was pointing at. I might think he was indicating some object in the foreground while his finger was pointing beyond at something deep down on the horizon. I cannot take him along in person, but I can ride in his car and have a good time. There are very few imaginations that are provided with a self-starter. Mine needs a spark to turn over the engine. That is why I like books that are full of ignition points and set the machinery going. I may even get a spark now and then, that will set me off on side trips of my own. That is why I think it more modest to admit that I am only "Joy-riding" in Anatole's car.

A book is one thing for the man who writes it. It is another thing for the reader who makes the book his own. Somewhere our friend has suggested this idea, I think it is where he speaks of the book his grandmother loved to read. "Perhaps she did not always think about what she was reading. Perhaps she sometimes had more to say to her little book than her little book had to say to her. But poets are accustomed to such confidences; we would not like them so much were they not made to listen to us even more than to talk to us."

In the Jardin d' Epicure we are told that, "when one reads a book, he reads it as he wills or rather he reads therein what he wills. The theatre makes us see everything and relieves us from imagining anything. That is why it satisfies the greatest number. That is also why it pleases but moderately minds of a pensive and meditative type. People, of the latter sort, love the ideas called forth only as they are stimulated to the prolongation of such ideas and for the melodious echos which are thereby awakened in themselves. To

the passive pleasure of the theatrical stage they prefer the active joy of the printed page. What is a book? A succession of little signs. Nothing more. It is for the reader to extract for himself the forms, the colors and the sentiments to which these signs correspond. It will depend upon him whether the book have warmth or chill, be dull or bright, be sad or gay. I will say, if you like, that each word of a book is a mysterious finger, which touches a fibre of our brain like the cord of a harp and awakens a sonorous sound in our receptive soul."

My friends ask me, "Are you not afraid to trust yourself to Anatole's car? It will take you into the morass of Atheism and the desert sands of Skepticism." Atheism; no. I am constitutionally proof against that. As for Skepticism; I rather like the idea of a ride through the mental state of Missouri. How shall I ever know unless somebody shows me? No, my friend, I am not afraid of your dragons and I look forward with pleasure to an adventure in a land where the forests are the homes of fairies, where Earth is the home of gnomes, Water the realm of undines, where sylphs dwell in the Air and Fire is the abiding place of salamanders. Sounds like a fairy tale; doesn't it? But it isn't altogether. It is also an adventure in Philosophy, for the above-named creatures plus sundry dogs and little children, as well as grown ups, monks and joyful ladies, are all of a speculative turn of mind and talk like the man who made them even when in the most incongruous situations. How am I to find my way through this land? I have a guide book, in forty odd volumes, written by the man, who cre-

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Science and Technology

CHEMICAL QUACKERY

ADDRESS BY HARVEY A. NEVILLE

at the High School Conference, Friday, November 21, 1924

The present may be characterized as an age of science, advertising, and credulity. Science, through mechanical invention, has developed communication and distribution to such an extent that national and even international advertising is profitable. Advertising has betrayed science by taking advantage of an uninformed but credulous populace. The remarkable developments in the physical sciences within recent years have brought the people to that state of mentality where they are prepared to believe any claims however contrary to reason and experience. They have learned their lesson. Too often they have seen accomplished those things which their fathers called impossible. Anyone can now get a hearing whether he speak from the back end of his medicine-wagon or the back pages of the newspapers and magazines. And if he is wise in his years he will speak the jargon of science—will tell of “tireless research” and “marvellous discovery.” If he can drag in vitamins, hormones, molybdenum-steel, radioactivity, and glycerophosphates they will not count against him. To him a substance is not a drug but “a scientific assimilative agent.” His product is “all-powerful but harmless.”

He urges that you become thin in places by simply rolling the “four scientifically-designed and prepared rubber balls briskly over the parts to be reduced.”

In a recent review D. H. Killefer writes, “It is interesting to note the increasing use of such words as ‘industrial,’ ‘research,’ ‘engineering,’ ‘scientific’ in the names of organizations for all purposes. Every new charlatan adopts one or more of them as part of his firm’s name or the name of his product. New cosmetics are spoken of as ‘achievements of engineering chemistry.’ A so-called ‘industrial engineering research’ organization was formed for the purpose of marketing an adhesive tape to replace the druggist’s ball of twine.”

In this same article are mentioned two of the “scientific discoveries” foisted upon the unsuspecting public during the past year. One was a cheap perfume, a “Prince Bait,” said absolutely to attract any desired member of the opposite sex when applied in the proper concentration for the blond, brunette, or what-will-you. The large number of fatalities reported in the newspapers as the effect of carbon monoxide in exhaust gases prepared the pub-

lic mind for an easy "sell" in this line. A preparation was therefore marketed to spray on the interior walls of garages for the purpose of absorbing this poisonous gas. It was a very plausible scheme and the public did not know that it was not feasible.

THE PATENT LAW

It is a fairly general impression that any article or preparation which has been granted a patent bears the approval of the United States Government. Nothing could be more erroneous. The Patent Office assumes no responsibility for the claims of an article and makes no tests of them. In fact many patented products are later attacked as illegal or fraudulent by other government departments. For example, the Post Office Department has denied the use of the mails to many patented frauds. The United States Patent Office has even granted patents on pure chemicals. Witness the case of *Aspirin*. This is simply the trade name for acetyl salicylic acid—a chemical substance described in the literature long before the discovery of its particular medicinal properties by a German. He was unable to secure a patent in any other country than the United States and consequently for 17 years aspirin cost five times as much here as in other countries. During the war the German patent was confiscated by the United States Government and sold to a patent medicine company which operated under the name Aspirin-Bayer. In 1917 the patent expired and several other companies began the manufacture of aspirin. The Bayer company, as anyone may see from their advertisements, is trying to create the impression that their product is the only genuine aspirin and that all others are inferior

substitutes. For this reason they feel justified in charging a higher price than their imitators. As a matter of fact, an official analysis of six varieties of aspirin, including the Bayer, showed that the others were just as good chemically and some were even purer than the Bayer product. This, of course, is aside from the question of the harmful effect of the aspirin habit and the possible danger of taking aspirin except under individual medical direction.

THE PURE FOOD LAW

Before the passage of the law popularly known as the Pure Food and Drug Act the public was at the mercy of patent medicines and other such frauds. The law had a beneficial effect in making the advertisers moderate their unwarranted claims and declare the presence of alcohol and certain harmful drugs. Briefly stated, the law has three principal features:

- (1) It prohibits false or misleading statement on the package regarding composition or origin.
- (2) It prohibits false and fraudulent statements of curative effects.
- (3) It requires the declaration of the presence of certain drugs (eleven.)

The conjunction *and* in the second item above is important. It is said that the influence of the patent medicine interests procured the use of *and* here rather than *or*. Hence it is necessary for the prosecution to prove both that the claims of a product are false and that there was a definite intent to defraud the public—a preposition readily believed but less easily proved. The law is also deficient in failing to require the declaration of many other harmful substances. A so-called "food

tonic" contains, among other ingredients, bichloride of mercury, strychnine, and arsenic. In England this preparation would be labeled "Poison," but these drugs are not among the eleven named in our law.

THE LITERATURE OF QUACKERY

Every up-to-date business boasts of its own trade journals and every profession has its specialized literature. This quackery business is no exception. Aside from the fact that most newspapers and magazines are not as particular about their advertisers as they should be, there are certain periodicals that are little more than vehicles for the advertising of various fakes and frauds. An obvious example of this type is "Physical Culture," published by one Bernarr McFadden, a faddist and self-admitted authority on everything from dandruff to dancing. The magazine ostensibly opposes the use of drugs as medicine though it does advertise patent medicine drugs. It has published articles opposing vaccination. The principal trend of the small amount of reading matter is to call attention to the advertised methods of McFadden and his kind. Some of his advertisers have been prosecuted by the government, fined or sent to the penitentiary for fraud. Brinkler, who operates a "school of eating," has been denied the use of the mails but continues to advertise in "Physical Culture." Here also another self-styled "food scientist," "Dr." Eugene Christian, advertises his course and encyclopedia. Of Christian's writing, Dr. Wiley, the government food-chemist, remarks, "It is a wonder beyond expression that anyone could make so many inaccurate and misleading statements in so small a space."

MODERN TENDENCIES IN QUACKERY

Patented nostrums of the liver-pill type and the tonics or "health builders" depending on their alcoholic content, we shall probably always have, but they are mere "flivvers" when compared with the newer developments born of specious science and flamboyant advertising. Not that the alcoholic tonics are losing ground. They are, in fact, finding wider popularity. In view of the prohibition laws it may be interesting to note the composition of some of the more popular brands:

Alcoholic Content of Certain Preparations

Beer (1917)	4.5 per cent
Wine (average)	14. " "
Lydia Pinkham's	15. " "
Vinol	16. " "
Hood's Sarsaparilla	16.5 " "
Tanlac	18. " "
Peruna (was 20 per cent) ..	12. " "
Hostetter's Bitters	25. " "

Tanlac costs \$1.10 per bottle and is made up of water, alcohol, glycerine, bitters, and a small amount of laxative; yet one may read testimonials to the effect that certain optimisms are cured of various malignant diseases. The use of the testimonial is continued even after the writer has succumbed to the disease of which he believed himself cured.

A few years ago it was not considered bad taste to allow your name to be used in connection with patented nostrums. Hence the following may be gleaned from the newspaper files:

Some Famous Testimonials

1. Peruna Julia Marlowe
2. Paine's Celery Compound
Sarah Bernhardt
3. Fahrney's Blood Vitalizer
Schumann-Heink

4. Sanatogen Harrison Fisher
5. Nuxated Iron Jess Willard
6. Nuxated Iron Jack Dempsey

The two last are included to raise the obvious question! "Sanatogen" which was declared a fraud by the Government consisted principally of casein; cottage cheese is the same thing and is much less expensive.

The present lines of quackery that are being most vigorously exploited are "health foods" and "beauty aids"—cosmetics, hair-growers, schemes to reduce (or increase) weight. Bald-headed men and ladies of overweight are of all people the most optimistic and are hence the easiest marks. It is sufficient to list a few of the preparations so that their composition and claims may be compared.

"*Jack Spratt Bread*" claims to reduce you as nothing else can, to restore beauties of form and feature, to be practically starch free. Analysis shows that it contains over 30 per cent starch and that its colorific value is practically that of any other bread. Jack Spratt Bread sells at 3 loaves for a dollar and carries with it a reducing diet that will be as effective with any ordinary bread.

"*Nikola*, bathing compound, will reduce your weight." Twenty-one treatments \$3.00. "Beware of Imitations." *Nikola* is sodium carbonate, or ordinary "washing soda." Possibly washing soda by poetic license may be called a "bathing compound."

"*Van Ess*," liquid scalp massage, contains alcohol denatured with quinine sulfate, 14 per cent; kerosene, 36 per cent; water containing dye and perfume 50 per cent. It sells for \$1.50 per 4 oz. bottle and may be prepared at a cost of 20 cents per gallon.

Some of the "beauty clays" recently

"put over" on the public solely by advertising were shown to contain a cheap grade of clay and water as follows:

<i>Per Cent Water</i>	<i>Price</i>
Domino38.5	\$3.50 per jar
Boncilla48.	1.00 per tube
Mineralava50.8	2.00 per bottle
Ryerson's61.4	5.00 per jar
Terra-derma-lax 62.7	2.50 per jar

Anyone who believes in the efficacy of these "clasmic beautifiers" can obtain a pound can of pure clay (kaolin) for twenty cents at the drug-store, add an equal weight of water and have a product superior to any of the above. The Terra-derma-lax and Ryerson's clays are made by the same company and are actually the same product. However, for advertising purposes, each had its own romantic story as to origin and development which anyone interested in imaginative literature may read in the current periodicals.

Mr. M. J. McGowan is the "Young English Scientist," with "ten years' experience as a dermatologist," who discovered Terra-derma-lax. The only available evidence of his experience as a scientist is that he had a position in the soap and fertilizer department of a Chicago stockyard. As beauty clay was destined to a short popularity Mr. McGowan turned his scientific mind to other matters. Within two years he has marketed the following, each advertised as "resulting from years of scientific research and experiment." Terra-derma-lax, Reducine, Nitrox, Hair-gro, Hair-wave oil, a marcel appliance.

The story of quackery is never complete. A glance through the advertising pages of a certain type of newspaper and magazine will convince anyone that it is a flourishing profession.

It is the duty of all those interested in the welfare of science to forcibly combat this exploitation of the public. Science will justly fall under suspicion if we allow to go unchallenged incorrect and misleading statements.

A preparation cleverly advertised as an antiseptic and deodorant has been shown to have the following composition:

Water	72%
Alcohol	25%
Boric and benzoic acids	2.9%
Thyme	1%

Bacteria cultures have been placed in this medium and have thriven quite well. Considered as an antiseptic, \$495.00 worth of this preparation is equivalent to the quantity of bichloride of mercury which can be bought for one cent.

Because so much money has been spent in advertising this preparation, it has been estimated that when a customer buys a dollar's worth, fifty cents of this dollar has been spent to convince himself that he needed this particular antiseptic.

The chief capital of quackery consists of the testimonials given either in good faith under delusion of benefit, or for consideration. It has actually occurred that the obituary notice and the testimonial of the same person have appeared simultaneously in a newspaper. As an illustration of naive testimonials one likes to recall the following, written by a lady:

Dear Sir:—Before taking your treatments I was so nervous nobody could sleep with me. After taking six treatments I am so much improved that anybody can sleep with me.



THE TRUTH ABOUT COLLEGE

(Continued from Page 18)

thank goodness, and some good is affected by them. But the whole business is diluted, and the outcomes of teaching are distorted.

That is the complaint of students, and the confession of deans and professors. The college has failed in bringing forth the proper outcomes of teaching, the acquisition of knowledge, of habits and skills, of ideals, attitudes, and interests. The mixture of students is hard to work with; but the tools which the colleges provide for the

work are rusty.
I suppose I have spoken as though the evil were one simple of remedy. I know that the reason real teachers are not more abundant is because they are poorly paid. But what so distorts the sense of values of alumni, endowers, and the like? To maintain silly traditions, false pride, and athletics large sums of money are expended. Where is their sense of values? Or do they, too, believe that disinterestness and incompetence should be the prime characteristics of teachers? that what Shaw said should be true—"Those who can, do; those who can't, teach."



JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

(Continued from Page 36)

ated the land as well as the people in it. So let's go. I promise to be back for dinner. That is more than Sylvestre Bonnard could promise his good old housekeeper, when he packed his bag for Sicily.

Mr. Anatole Thibout must have studied a lot, you think, to write so many books. He was extremely curious about many things, and he wanted to know.

WHAT DID ANATOLE KNOW? HE DIDN'T KNOW

He wanted to know. If you mean by knowledge, an immense amount of learned information, that he had, we must admit. What he wanted to know, however, was something deeper and more fundamental. He had much sympathy for that Roman official who washed his hands and remarked: "What is Truth?" From his earliest years he was given to speculation. He tells us that himself. "Every day, my old nurse, Melaine, and I used to go for walks in the city. The world which inspired me with intense curiosity, the world of my dreams, was an unknown world, sombre and mute, the idea of which was alone sufficient to make me experience an uncanny pleasure mingled with fear. I had very short legs to keep up with old Melaine but nevertheless I did not let myself be discouraged. I was ever hoping to penetrate one day that region which my desire and my dread impelled me to seek. Sometimes and in some places it seemed to me that a few steps more would bring me there. And when the good creature would take again the homeward way, I was wont to drag her violently back towards those mysterious frontiers. She could under-

stand nothing of my inspired rage. I could not cry out to her: one step more and we shall penetrate the "nameless realm," and again: "Alas! Life that queen of transformation, has left me like unto the little child who used to question his nurse about that which no one knows. In all my wanderings, I have sought it. As for that unknown world which I was ever seeking, I was quite right, when I was a child, in thinking it near me. The unknown world envelopes us. It is everything that is outside of us. And, since we can never get out of ourselves, we shall never attain it!

If Anatole had belonged to the Romantic school, he would have seen little Pierre standing on the edge of the unknown, with a longing in his soul for a certain blue flower, but by Anatole's time, romanticism had gone out of fashion. A yearning heart and a groping intuition did not seem to get him anywhere. No; Reason was the guide to lead man's mental footsteps. Where did he get this doctrine? Certainly not from his father for whom nothing was real except the soul and the outward world was only an appearance: nor yet from his mother, who was a traditionalist. Anatole says he got it from his grandmother, a product of the eighteenth century and a true representative of the Age of Reason. There is a chapter, in the "Livre de Mon Ami," from which we may learn about "Grandma Noziere."

"Grandma was frivolous; grandma had an easy code of morality; grandma was no more pious than a bird. She dated from the 18th century." A few pages further on, he tells us the following story of his brave grandmother, which I have abridged as follows:—

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AN OFF DAY

(Continued from Page 31)

"I'll be there."

Jimmy must have borrowed the treasury surplus the way he spent money that afternoon. From the tea-room we went down to buy him a necktie, but by the time we got away he had a new shirt, a hat, a pair of gloves, and a couple of pairs of socks. O what socks! Even from the package you could hear them screaming a half-block away, and the necktie was bought to match them. I finally managed to tear him away before he bought a new suit and overcoat. "Where to now?" said I, as we went out the door.

"Well, I think I'll go down and hire a Chrysler for the evening, and then drive over to Allenstadt to see what shows are over there."

"Jimmy, are you an absolute idiot? You know as well as I do that that's a waste of money."

"What was money made for, anyway. I'm going to have a good time tonight, or I'm going to go bust trying."

"You'll go bust, then."

"I'll go bust, then. Coming along?"

"I suppose so."

We got a roadster with a rumble seat, and drove along over to see what was what. We finally tossed up to see where we'd go, and bought some tickets for a musical comedy that was making a three night stand. They were in the fourth row, so I got all set to enjoy myself. Jimmy was for making reservations at one of the roadhouses, but I told him it wouldn't be necessary on a Thursday evening, so we came along back home to eat and get dolled up for the evening. Jimmy wasn't a bad looking egg when he was all dressed up respectably, but his taste in

ties and socks was inclined to be a trifle sophomoric. That wouldn't go against him with a girl like Rose, tho, for she liked her men wild and collegiate. We took so long getting all fixed up that we hardly had any time to eat, but that didn't make much difference to Jimmy, for he was too worked up over the thought of going out with that wonderful girl of his to be able to eat anything anyway. We grabbed a couple of doughnuts and a cup of coffee at the lunch-cart and let it go at that. The girls were sitting on the porch when we drove up, and they both waved at us, so we didn't have any difficulty in finding the place. We got out and were duly introduced to Rose's folks all around, then I helped Dot into the rumble seat thru a continuous fire of injunctions: "You're sure you won't need your heavier coat, Rose? Now don't keep the girls out too late, boys. You'll drive carefully, won't you? — — —"

"I'm sorry I was such work for you to get in."

"Not at all. It was quite worth it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That's obvious."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dot, hitching her skirt as much nearer her knees as its length would permit.

"Well, it's not quite so obvious, now," I ventured. That stopped conversation for a while. In fact Dot was stonily silent until we were safely parked about a block from the theatre.

"No, you needn't help me. I can get out myself."

I guess it must have been her French heels that tripped her while she was climbing over the edge; but whatever it was, I barely managed to catch her when she was about two inches from the sidewalk. After that she wasn't

quite so uppity, but took my arm with a little snuggling motion. "I'm sorry I was so cross."

"Not at all. I really ought to keep remarks like that to myself."

"You shouldn't look."

"But look what I'd miss if I didn't. You're really quite good to look at, you know."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. Here we are."

The show was nothing wonderful, for they aren't in the habit of sending the New York cast to a place like Alenstadt. The play itself was not bad though, and a couple of the musical numbers really had tunes to them. I was whistling one when we came to the car.

"Where are we going now, Bill?"

"I don't know. Where are we, Jimmy?"

"Where is a good place?"

"The best one I know is that one on the pike just the other side of Jerusalem, but that's about thirty miles from here."

"We'll try it. On the pike, you say."

"Yes. About a mile and a half from the center of town. You'll have to watch for it, though, for it's on the left hand side, and it's pretty well back from the road."

"I guess I can find it. All set back there?"

"Yup, let'er go."

Once we got out of town it was quite dark in the rumble seat, so Dot snuggled over a little closer to me. I didn't exactly move away, so after a few preliminaries we got down to the business of the evening. For such a good looking girl, Dot's education was remarkably incomplete: her technique dated back to the days before the war. I must say she was quick on the up-take,

though. She was already showing a marked improvement when we came up for air about fifteen miles later. Jimmy's education must have been neglected, too: he was still driving industriously.

The situation up front seemed to amuse Dot. "Your friend's a dead loss, isn't he?" she whispered.

I shook my head. "I'm afraid Jimmy's not an expert on the amenities."

"The what?"

"Amenities."

"Amenities?"

"Yes, amenities. In other words, he don't know his onions."

"Rose said she'd never think of going out with such an Aunt Mitt if she wasn't having a fight with Jack."

"Jack?"

"Yes. Jack Humphries. You must know him."

"Rather. He's going to be out at the very place where we're going tonight. I heard him say so."

"O my, he'll be mad. He's been going with Rose for almost a year, now. I think they're engaged."

I whistled. "O well," I said, "on second thought, maybe he won't meet us at all. He was going to a stag party, he said."

"I do hope we don't meet him. He told Rose if he ever caught her out with another fellow again, he'd wallop her. She went to a fraternity dance with some other fellow, and he met them when they were coming home. That was what all the fight was about."

"It looks as though they were in for a pleasant evening. That shouldn't worry us, though, should it, dear?"

"Of course not."

"Give me a kiss, Dot?"

"Silly, you've had enough already."

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AN OFF DAY

(Continued from Page 45)

"Go on, you don't have that many to give me."

"Haven't I? Well we'll just see about that." She couldn't make me mad that way.

There was quite a gang at the "Pink Pig"; I hadn't expected anywhere so many on a Thursday night, but I was glad to see them all there, for I knew most of them, and it meant a better time all around, and less chance of Jack Humphries' ever noticing us in that mob. I had an awful job to get even one whole dance with Dot, but Jimmy was so damnably unpleasant to the first fellow who cut in on him that they didn't bother Rose much for the rest of the evening. He even got sore when I tried to hook in for a number.

"Hey, what's the big idea? I brought Rose here to dance with myself, not for you to dance with."

"Well, before you take anybody out again you'd better buy the book of etiquette and read the whole thing. Nobody's trying to steal your girl from you. If you want to know something, you've got somebody else's girl.

"The hell I have."

"If you don't believe me, ask Rose."

"Well?"

"Don't believe a word of it, Jimmy. It isn't so."

"Then tell that to Jack: here he comes now."

It was Jack all right, and he was heading across the floor toward us with a scowl that would scare Jack Dempsey. He'd been having a drink or two, and he was under just enough to be fighting mad, but not enough to interfere with his ability to be mighty hard to handle. Rose gave a screech and grabbed for Jimmy.

"Don't let him touch me, Jimmy. He said he was going to wallop me if he caught me out with any other fellow again. Don't let him near me."

"Don't worry: I won't."

Jack was going so fast to reach us, he pretty near sprawled himself on the floor trying to stop. "What the hell are you doing here with Rose."

"Who wants to know?"

"I do."

"Since when's it any of your business?"

"I'll damn well show you when it's my business."

"I brought her here to dance. What's it to you?"

"Well you can G—— damn well let my girl alone."

"Boys, boys, don't fight, please, I don't — — —"

"Shut up, Rose, you had no business going out with him, anyway."

"Well, I like that. You're not my boss."

"No? I'll turn you over my knee and tan your hide for you."

"You touch her and I'll whale the livin' daylight out of you."

"You! Why you son of a ——"

Jimmy just got his guard up in time to save himself from going out cold. They had quite a lively little bout for a minute. I was just getting ready to join it myself when Jimmy got in a beautiful fluke on Jack's bread-basket. It knocked him clear over a couple of chairs, and when he landed he just lay there.

Rose was by him in a second. "Did he hurt you, Jack?"

"No, we were just kissing each other."

"Jack, don't make fun of me. Are you hurt?"

"No, I'll be all right in a second,

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JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

(Continued from Page 42)

"One day, as she was returning from the theatre, a wretched man threw himself at her feet and cried out:

—Save me citizeness, I am a refugee, save me!

—I can but try, said she. Follow me.

They mounted the stairs and that good little woman shut herself in her apartment with the deplorable fellow, who kept repeating with chattering teeth:

Save me, Save me!

Looking at his pitiable face, she had a desire to laugh. The situation was critical. Where can I hide him, she asked herself, as she glanced about the room. Unable to find any other place, the idea occurred to her to put him in her bed. She arranged two mattresses in such a way that a space was left near the wall and she slid the man in between them. Then she undressed and got into bed herself. The noise of falling gun butts shook the landing on the stairs outside. Four officers and thirty men entered the room.

—Get up citizeness, said one of the guards.

Another objected that the citizeness could not dress before men.

—Well, said my grandmother, I see you are amiable fellows. Act quickly. Make your search for I am dying for want of sleep." They remained two mortal hours in the room; they passed twenty times, one after the other, before the bed and looked to see if any one were underneath. Then after having uttered a thousand impertinences, they went away. The last soldier had scarcely turned on his heels, when the little woman called down:

—Monsieur Alcide! Monsieur Alcide!

A wailing voice replies: Heavens!

they can hear us. Have pity on me Madame.

—Monsieur Alcide, continued my grandmother, what a fright you have given me! I didn't hear you and I thought you were dead, and at the idea of lying on a dead man, I very nearly fainted away. Egad, Monsieur, when one is not dead, one says so. I shall never forgive you for the fright you have given me."

When I had read this tale, among other stories about this worthy lady, I rather liked her, until I found that our friend had told the very same story about Madame de Luzy, in the book entitled "*Etui de Nacre*." I began to wonder whether Anatole had not for literary purposes been guilty of a little artistic window dressing in favor of his 18th century ancestor. But when I found that two other stories of grandma's adventures were also printed in later books, the reality of grandma began to vanish altogether. I rather suspected our good old friend of stealing his own grandmother. But what could you expect of a man who played dolls with the little Pierre of his childhood by dressing him up in garb of Epicurus and the mantel of Lucretius.

Grandma Noziere, in so far as she represented the 18th century was a very real grandmother, for there was a great deal in Monsieur France that was inherited from the men of the period of Enlightenment. But Reason never seemed to be such a satisfactory tool to him as it seemed to the Philosophers. The men who thought that Reason could explain everything seemed satisfied with everything that Reason gave them. Anatole wanted something more. Did he strive to know the unknowable? Several poets have expressed in verses of considerable ex-

tent, a thought which we can say in ordinary prose, with four words: Absolute Truth is Unattainable. Even if Anatole did spend his life in the pursuit of Truth, he never claims to have found it. He gazed at the (for him) inexplicable riddle of existence, with such assiduous persistence, that it made him pessimistic. He was gay and pessimistic; just the opposite of his father who was sad and idealistic. Perhaps Anatole never hoped to find the solution of the problem. It would have been a great calamity if he had found it. He would have been robbed of Life's main occupation. When you ride in the chase and follow the hounds, the pleasure is not in possessing the skin of a poor little beast, the pleasure you get is in the hunting. As soon as you are in at the death, the hunt is over. In Anatole's case, Death came at the end of the Hunt.

Some people think that even Reason has its limits. All his life, he seems to be bumping his head against what to him was the unfathomable. He never gives up. Time and again he jumps, with his mind, into a sort of syllogistic squirrel cage and when he has climbed the endless chain of spokes in a circle whose limitations are part of its structural composition, he always ends somewhere in the same limited circle in which he began. Perhaps the squirrel's instinct, might tell him something of that which lies beyond. He might tell us that he was a transcendentalist or if he were an up-to-date squirrel he might give us the real explanation of Bergsonian intuition. France thought that man as well as the animals had both intelligence and instinct. He might have learned something if he had followed out this clue. He also recognized that man has that thing we call intuition, if it were not so, Mr.

Turguet-Milnes would not have included Anatole France in "Some Modern French writers, a Study in Bergsonism." He might have made more out of his intuition.

But whatever he was, Anatole was anything but a transcendentalist in the metaphysical sense of the word. The only fairy tales he couldn't abide were those metaphysical romances in which some great philosopher builds a colossal system of speculative structure capped by the eternal absolute; a conception of allmightiness, made in the philosopher's own image, and before which he bows down and worships.

Life is transformation. To live is to change. Anatole was curious about the beginning of things. He liked to trace the course of his own mental transformations as they grew and expanded. He liked to trace the history of the Universe back to its first beginnings. In "*Les Desirs de Jean Servien*," we read of two soldiers seated on sacks of earth in that Paris of 1871, encircled by Prussian batteries. While the air is filled with whistling shells and frightful detonations, Servien and his friend Garneret are bent over the same book. "It was a Virgil, and Jean was reading aloud the delightful verses of the *Silenus*. Two young men have surprised the old god, asleep in that drunkenness which was habitual with him but which rendered him comical although leaving him venerable; they have tied him with flowers to obtain from his his songs. With his cheeks painted with the red juice of mulberries by the beautiful *Naiad*, Egle, he sings how, in the immense void, were condensed the germs of Earth, of Air, of Seas, and subtle Fire; of how from these beginnings came forth all things and the tender globe of the

world was consolidated; how then the sun began to assert himself and to enclose the marine god in the sea and bring out the form of things. Already the earth is astonished to see the new born sun shine forth from points most high the rains fall down from the unburdened clouds; and the first woods begin to rise and animals, as yet but few, begin to range the unnamed mountains." During this time, Garneret, the more serious of the two, with his finger on the text, was collecting his thoughts.

"Servien," said he, "see how, in these verses, Virgil, or rather the Alexandrine poet whom he imitated, has anticipated the grand hypothesis of Laplace. He shows cosmic matter, that nothing, from which everything is to come into being, condensing in order to form worlds, the young crust of the earth solidifying; then the formation of isles and continents; in the midst of rains, the appearance of the sun, up to that time veiled by opaque clouds; vegetable life manifesting itself before animal life, because the latter cannot sustain itself and endure except by absorbing the elements of the former." I saw in a Roman church the mighty figure of Moses, with Sinai's tablets in his hand. I compare Virgil's drunken Silenus, his face all smeared in mulberry juice with Michelangelo's conception of the law-giver of the Jews. Of the two pictures, that of Moses seems the more fitting for the writer of the beginning of things. But France preferred Silenus. It was Greek. It was more beautiful. He was opposed to that Semitic virus which had introduced into the religion of Europe, fear of death and distrust of Beauty. The aspirations of Jean Servien depicts the interplay of forces, the

resultant of which goes to make up a life. Some of those forces are a part of your life and mine and were also in that of Anatole France. Perhaps the two most attractive elements in Anatole's world were Beauty and Knowledge. Jean Servien reads the lines in Virgil because they appeal to his sense of beauty. Garneret looks at the underlying thought. In a sense, Monsieur France combines in himself both characters. In the midst of the Battle of Life, he sees the beauty of the world but at the same time tries to fathom the underlying meaning of it all.

Voltaire read about the great earthquake at Lisbon, and then wrote *Candide* to show that this is not the best of all possible worlds. Anatole France studied the French Revolution and wrote *Les Dieux ont Soif* (The Gods are Athirst). Many people when they read the story of the days of 1793, pictures to themselves, what seems to be a monstrous social convulsion, with horror. Did Anatole think of the Revolution and the Terror as a sort of social earthquake? He sometimes wrote as if he thought ours the worst of all possible worlds. Michel Corday has given us a collection of A.F.'s unfinished papers, written during the closing years of his life, and hitherto unpublished. He found many outlines of projected works in rough draft. Many were in dialogue form. This permitted the presentation of various sides of a question, by assigning the different point to different speakers. The character that was to represent the author's own attitude was initialled (A.F.) In many of his published books there is a character which critics usually recognize as presenting Anatole's own

(Continued on Page 53)

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AN OFF DAY

(Continued from Page 47)

and then I'm going to pound the stuffing out of that damn stiff you're with."

"You're not going to do anything of the kind. You're going to take me home as soon as you can. I'm going to go and get my coat now."

"But listen, Rose," put in Jimmy, "you're not going off and leave me are you?"

"I most certainly am. Don't ever dare to speak to me again. The idea of hitting a man like that when he's drunk. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Well I'm a son of a ———"

"Damn right," said Jack from the floor.

"Stand up, and I'll knock your block off."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Come, Jack, you're going to take me home." And off they stalked, Rose with her head in the air like a movie queen.

"Now what the hell do you think of that?" said Jimmy.

"Think we'd better be going before we get thrown out."

I was right. "Beg your pardon, sir," said the proprietor, tapping Jimmy's arm, "beg your pardon, but I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave. You're disturbing our patrons, and we can't allow such goings on." As a matter of fact, the patrons were our own gang, and seemed rather amused, but Jimmy didn't stop to quibble.

"You're damn right I'm going."

Jimmy was nursing a shiner, so I drove all the way home. Dot kept very quiet the whole way down, out of respect for his feelings, I guess. We dropped her off at her own house and took the Chrysler back where it be-

(Continued on Page 59)

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JOY-RIDING WITH ANATOLE

(Continued from Page 50)

views. Thus we identify Monsieur Bergeret and the Abbe Coignard. Of all the characters in the *Gods are Athirst*, I pick out Brotteaux, as the representative of the Author. Brotteaux earned his living by selling cardboard marionettes, worked by pulling strings. With the water-colors he artistically painted these puppets in the likeness of human beings. Anatole France was an artist in human puppets, which he motivated with the strings of Passion and Belief. Anatole was a great reader of Lucretius. Brotteaux always carried around in his pocket a copy of the great Roman poet. It taught him to defy Religion and converted him from the fear of death by causing him to contemplate the structure of the Universe. He accounted for the first beginning of things through the action of the primordial atoms. Rouse, in the introduction to his translation of Lucretius explains: "These atoms have a natural movement in one direction. As they all fall with the same speed, they would never meet, but for an arbitrary swerve or inclination..... They collide, therefore, and when they collide, they rebound with equal force, and by degrees a confused motion arises like the motes in a sunbeam. These collisions make them combine into groups; and the infinite variety of combinations produced from infinite time, in the end, brings into existence things as we can see them.... Life itself depends on certain appropriate combinations of atoms and on nothing else; even man's free will is but the outcome of the atomic swerve." Did Brotteaux ever really try to account for the Revolution on the basis of the atomic swerve?

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Before writing the *Gods are Athirst*, France carefully prepares himself by studying all the facts covering the period of the Revolution. He makes long chronological lists, in which he records opposite the date of each day, the weather, the temperature, the crops and the fashions. Then he cuts out a few interesting puppets and colors them so accurately that we actually see them as real people. He makes them act in such a natural manner that much of the horror of the time is neutralized. We hear that numbers of aristocrats are having their heads cut off; we have become a bit hardened to that. What bothers us is the high prices of everything and the difficulty sometimes of getting anything at all. We stand hours in line, in order to buy a loaf of bread. We listen to Brotteaux and Gamelin talking politics and philosophy. "I have no objection on principle to the guillotine," says Brotteaux. "Nature certainly offers me no suggestion to the effect that a man's life is of any value; on the contrary, she teaches, in all kinds of ways, that it has none. The sole end and object of living beings seems to be to serve as food for other beings. Murder is of natural right; therefore the penalty of death is lawful, on condition that it is exercised from no motives either of virtue or justice." When we have the opportunity we eat and drink, make love and are merry. Long ago the great majority of us lost the enthusiasm we once had for the Revolution. If these fellows in the Committee get too bad with their guillotining we will put an end to them. The section meetings are no longer attended but by a handful of fanatics. "What ruins us," says one patriot, "is indifferentism." In a section which contains nine hundred cit-

izens with a right to vote there are not fifty who attend the assembly. Yesterday we were twenty-eight. "Well then," says Gamelin, "citizens must be obliged to come under penalty of a fine."

"Oh, ho," exclaimed the other frowning, "if they all came, the patriots would be in a minority." These men are not crazy. To David Gamelin, the Terrorist juror, it seems just and logical for the people to cut off the head of the King and guillotine the nobles. To the King and Nobles it had seemed perfectly just and logical to lead to death their people on numerous battlefields. Brotteaux probably said "the more logical the process of reasoning, the more fatal the conclusion when derived from faulty premises." Perhaps, to Anatole France, the Revolution seemed less an unexplainable deviation from a divinely appointed social structure than an extreme evidence of that inexplicable tangle of injustice and cruelty which, according to his way of thinking, makes up the warp and woof of human life. In the *Jardin de'Epicure* France says: "The mystery of destiny envelopes us entirely within its powerful secrets, and truly one must not think at all, if he does not wish to feel most cruelly the tragic absurdity of life." It is in the absolute ignorance of our reason for existence that the roots of our sadness lie. Physical ill and moral ill, the miseries of sense and soul, the happiness of the wicked, the humiliation of the just, all these would yet be supportable if we knew the order and economy thereof and could see therein the workings of divine Providence. The believer rejoices in his sores; he accepts as agreeable the injustice and the violence of his enemy; his very faults and crimes

do not take away his hope. But, in a world where all illumination of faith is extinct, evil and pain lose even their significance and no longer appear but as odious pleasantries and sinister farces." That is to say: there is no such thing as justice or morality in the world. The God who blames his creatures for what they do is comparable to the player of a puppet show. "Don't blame us," they might well say. "We only do what you make us do. You are the one who pulls the strings." And so he makes a pup-

pet show himself and calls it *The Gods are Athirst*. Yet he says on the page preceding the one above quoted: "Let us pardon sorrow and be pleased that it is impossible to imagine a happiness greater than that which we possess in this human life;—at the same time, so sweet and so bitter, so bad and so good, so ideal and so real and which contains all things and conciliates all contrasts. Here is our garden, we must work it with zeal." With similar words Voltaire concludes the adventures of *Candide*.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—

"What did Anatole believe? He had his doubts." Is the next of this interesting series of articles by Prof. Fox on Anatole France.



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 The dreams turned old and dirty—all the same!
 "But now," we said, "we'll fool Life. Love will stay."

Each kiss remained a silver sunlit path;
 The golden flame burned high within our hearts,
 Until one day we heard a mocking laugh—
 The scorn of Life when all desire departs—
 And only this was left: the sullen ache
 And loss of all we'd been too wise to take.

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AN OFF DAY

(Continued from Page 52)

longed. Then we went over to the Hercules and got a piece of steap for Jim-cules and got a piece of steak for Jimmy's eye: after that we thought maybe

I felt restless on Friday night. I twiddled with the pictures and played the phonograph till about nine o'clock, then I got tired of it, and decided to go out. "Come on, Jimmy, don't be a bloomin' grind. Let's go somewhere."

"The deuce with it. I'm going to study. Got a lot of back work I have to make up."

"Come on, I'm going over to the tea-room, and you might get a chance to talk to Rose for a minute."

"To hell with that damn bat. I'm through with women, I tell you. They don't do a thing but make trouble."

"You should know," said I, as I went out the door, but I felt a lot better. Jimmy was back to normal.

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